

# COUNTRY LIFE

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## MADAME GEORG GRIPENBERG

Madame Gripenberg, who has, among many orders, that of the Finnish White Rose, the highest given to women in Finland, is an Englishwoman, daughter of Mr. Edward Mosley-Williams, and was married in 1926 to the present Finnish Minister in London. As Miss Marguerite Mosley-Williams, Madame Gripenberg was a member of the F.A.N.Y. and drove an ambulance in France in the last war. So convinced were she and her helpers that war would break out between Finland and Russia that, with the splendid help of the British Red Cross and St. John war organisation, they had already collected medical stores which were delivered by air in Finland two days after the outbreak of war. Ten thousand pounds from the British Red Cross, similar sums from the Red Cross in Australia and Canada, and large contributions from India, South Africa and New Zealand are most gratefully acknowledged by Madame Gripenberg, who makes an especial appeal to the readers of "Country Life" for skis and winter sports clothing, which will be invaluable at the present time to the Finns. This photograph was specially taken by Bassano for "Country Life"

# COUNTRY LIFE

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## CHANGE IN THE RURAL LANDSCAPE

THE time which has elapsed since the beginning of the war would, most of it, have been a busy time on the farm, given reasonable weather. In some parts of the country the weather, if the Censor will allow us to say so, has been anything but reasonable, but in any parts where the "Plough-up" policy has been adopted with enthusiasm the farmer has, all the same, been very busy indeed. Last week the Minister of Agriculture gave a general summary to the Farmers' Club of the progress which has been made, and afterwards repeated it to the nation in a broadcast. It is an impressive record. During the last war, when the need for increased food production was staring everybody in the face, Sir Rowland Prothero, who was then President of the Board of Agriculture, concluded a letter to the Agricultural Executive Committees of those days with the words, "For the Nation's sake, let us take as our motto 'Back to the 'seventies and better.' We cannot do more. I am sure that farmers will not do less." Lord Ernle lived to see his prophecy fulfilled in great part. In 1916, when the last food production campaign really started, we had just over eleven million acres of arable land. By 1918 these had been increased to twelve and a half millions. With the return of peace our farmers returned to the practice of grassing down, and the arable acreage had shrunk in 1938 by some three and a half million acres. This fact and the equally important one that the population of England and Wales had meanwhile increased by more than five millions were staring in the face those who, in the two years before the war, undertook to prepare for the switch-over which would again become necessary.

To what extent their preparations have been successful was the chief theme of the present Minister last week. Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith has the great merit of being both frank and fearless. He knows the importance of his job as a part of the business of winning the war, and equally he knows its importance as a continuing contribution to the permanent health and vitality of the nation. It is thanks largely to the Minister's own courage and determination that the spirit of co-operation has shown itself in all sections of the agricultural industry since the outbreak of war. Farmers and farm workers were then asked to embark on the formidable undertaking of ploughing up at least two million acres of grassland. Already, after less than a hundred

and thirty days of war, well over a million acres, in England and Wales alone, have been selected or scheduled for ploughing, and much of these areas has actually been ploughed. Had it not been for the bad weather, very much more would have been turned over. In these circumstances the Minister is entirely justified in pointing out that the task allotted to our farmers is at least as great as that entrusted to any other section of the community. The urgent needs of the present, combined with a sense of the permanent balance of life in the country, have led once more to a policy of encouraging a return to the plough, and of giving a greater degree of security to the producer of oats and barley and other crops. This, to quote the Minister, is much more than a policy of war-time emergency : the destiny of British agriculture is linked up with a system of mixed farming, and it is vital that when peace returns the lessons of the past will not, once more, be forgotten. In the 'seventies, with a population of 23 million we had 14½ million acres of arable land. Now we have only about nine millions.

## MONEY, MEN AND MACHINES

The continued expansion of agricultural production will depend on other factors besides goodwill on the part of the farmers. It will depend on supplies of labour and equipment and just as much on a workable finance. So far as equipment is concerned, we are admittedly in a much better position than in 1914, and no farmer who sets himself under the direction, and with the help, of his local executive committee, to carry out the Government's policy is likely to find himself hampered or defeated by the impossibility of getting the use of the necessary implements and machinery. The labour problem is a different matter. During the past autumn it was possible to do a great deal in tiding things over by intelligent co-operation between the farmers and the military ; but makeshifts will not last for ever. Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith had two things to say in this regard, the first of a very practical and immediate nature. In a reference to the calling up of young men for military duties, he said that there were instances in which men of twenty years of age were already key men on the farm, and a new arrangement had been made to postpone the calling-up of such men. He urged that applications for such postponement should be made immediately. As the war went on, he thought, agriculture would have to depend to a greater extent on women. So far, he said, farmers had been slow to absorb women from the Women's Land Army, but he had no doubt that these women would be badly needed later on. The matter is not, of course, quite so simple as these words might seem to imply. There are many agricultural jobs connected, say, with dairying, horticulture and market gardening for which women are eminently suitable. But for most other jobs—including perhaps tractor driving—most farmers would sooner employ a sturdy lad. No doubt the Minister's address was framed some time before it was delivered and it was for this reason that it did not deal specifically with Lord Derby's scheme for providing agricultural and other voluntary employment for youths between the times of leaving school and being called to the Colours.

The financial aspect of the farmer's task, though steadily improving, still needs sympathetic consideration. The ploughing up of grassland means a great deal more to the farmer than the actual work of turning over the soil. With the help of Government tractors and the assistance of the Executive Committee, most farmers can manage that all right. The trouble comes with the new cropping and arises from a general lack of cash or credit. Whether the Treasury realises this or not, the Minister of Agriculture certainly does ; and it looks as though he were both strong and fearless enough to prevail. Decisions of the utmost importance have recently been taken with regard to the standard prices of wheat and livestock. The increase in the standard price for the 1939 harvest will not, of course, help the farmer directly who has not hitherto been growing wheat on a large scale. But it will benefit him indirectly by making it clear to bankers and others who have credit to give and money to lend that the Government intend to stand by their promise to see that the farmer who carries out the national policy gets reasonable returns.

## COUNTRY NOTES

**F**INLAND'S epic defence is compared in an article in this issue with the classic victories of the small republics of ancient Greece against the Persians. Reading of the achievements of relative handfuls of athletic Finns against whole Russian divisions inevitably recalls the stories and, to a great extent, the tactics of Thermopylæ and Marathon. The analogy between modern Finland and ancient Sparta and Athens is remarkably close in other ways, the more so this year when Helsinki was making great preparations for the holding of the Olympic Games. It is typical of the indomitable courage of the Finns that they still have not given up all hope that the Games will take place. The athletic ideals of the modern Finns, typified in the famous Nurmi (one wonders, what is he doing now?), is another point of contact; physically they are probably the finest race in Europe, largely owing to their simple, active lives among forest and river and on skis. This is not only standing them in good stead now, but, as in Athens long ago, is reflected in many of their buildings and manufactures. Modern Finnish architecture seems to show a natural affinity for classic qualities, perhaps most clearly seen in the spare graceful lines of the laminated birchwood furniture associated with the name of Alvar Aalto. An exhibition of modern Finnish furniture and pottery has been arranged by Heal and Son, who are devoting a proportion of the sales to Mme. Gripenberg's fund for the Finnish Red Cross.

### HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

**M**ISS GRACIE FIELDS tells a story which focuses attention on a question in many people's minds lately: the difficulty under which innumerable good and essential works at home are carrying on in face of the concentration of gifts and comforts on the Services. The night after her broadcast appeal on behalf of the voluntary hospitals at home, "Gracie" was singing to R.A.F. men. One of them said to her: "Miss Fields, my pal and I want you to take this from us towards your Christmas appeal." "This" was two ten-shilling postal orders, sent to the young aircraftmen from home for Christmas. She protested that she could not take it "from chaps like you over here," but they insisted they would rather give the money than spend it, and in the end she did take it, and says she counts these gifts among the most precious donations to her fund. The two young men showed the real spirit of knights errant, but from other sources one hears of similar feelings among the troops. In a letter received from a young officer serving in France, he says "the men are fit and comfortable, and all the kindness and good things we get from home make one feel that some of them ought really to go to people at home—wives and children, for instance." Without letting the Army be stinted, there is something in this for a good deal of thought. Many seamen of our merchant and fishing ships, at present bearing the brunt of the war, have left bereaved wives and children for whom gifts of money and clothing are urgently needed by the Fishermen's Dependents Fund, c/o the Port Missionary, Grimsby.

### SIXTEEN TO TWENTY

**T**HE discussion of Lord Derby's proposal for bridging over the gulf between school-leaving age and the age of calling up by a scheme of voluntary enlistment for agricultural and industrial training shows no sign of abating. Though there have been political objections made, they have been of a superficial kind, and most of the comment has been helpful and constructive. The Dunlop Rubber Company, Limited, have been so practical as to offer a number of scholarships with free commercial training and a maintenance grant at the rate of £52 a year. This is an example which other industrial undertakings might well be prepared to follow, in their own interests perhaps as well as that of the nation. The broad basis of Lord Derby's scheme has also been examined by the Headmaster of Winchester in his capacity of Chairman of the Headmasters' Conference. With regard to the suggestion that the Government should make special provision for the sixteen-twenty group by means of labour camps and the like, he

expresses some doubt. It is, he suggests, a grave matter to ask the Government to take on any fresh responsibility when their hands are already so full, and sites and buildings so hard to come by. If, however, it were possible to build on existing foundations, and to utilise existing plant without much extra expense to the State, real service might be done to the boys concerned and through them to the nation. And we gather from Mr. Leeson that the Headmasters will not be backward in co-operation.

### PROPERTY TO-DAY

**I**N spite of the Prime Minister's and Sir John Anderson's assurances that the danger of air-raids is in no way diminished, there has undoubtedly been a steady flow back to towns not only by evacuated mothers and children but of businesses and their personnel. Very wisely the Government continues to discourage the return of evacuees, who are much better dispersed over the country, and is even moving out more Civil Servants of departments that can function away from London. On the other hand, many individuals, and even businesses, who evacuated in the uncertainty of September, have been coming back. A sure indication of this is provided by the number of lettings of flats that have been effected in recent weeks. Whatever one's views about flats *versus* houses in peace-time, there is this to be said of them in war. They involve the minimum of staff and overhead expenses; most of them have by now provided properly equipped shelters; and their steel construction makes them safer than old brick houses. From the national point of view there is much to be said for adults resuming residence in the towns. The income of municipalities and large shops was very seriously affected in the autumn, with consequent repercussions throughout the urban social system. At the same time, as the report of an important firm of land agents quoted in our Estate Market page shows, sales for emergency accommodation in the country continued throughout the autumn, and they are now being followed by a demand for farms and farmland so widespread as to exceed the supply on offer.

### UNTRAMMELLED

You in my thoughts, some dry-as-dusts would say,  
Should in true worship be as far apart  
From the alarms and tumults of my heart  
As a pale star, millions of miles away.

But you to me indeed are as the sun,  
That far above me, grudges not to give  
The light and warmth and joy whereby I live  
And feel my blood through quickening pulses run.

Yet look, my Sweet! As you unwitting wake  
My heart, and kindling it to warm desire  
Transmute cold worship to adoring fire,  
We from this change no shade of loss shall take,  
But rather, where was dim, chill minster glass,  
Untrammelled now love's radiance pass.

PATRICK FORD.

### FOR ONCE IN A WHILE

**T**HE true measure of a man's greatness is sometimes not to be found in the constant and inevitable flow of applause when he succeeds, but rather in the cries of breathless astonishment which greet his rare failures. Thus for some weeks past we have been receiving news of yet another score of over 200 by Don Bradman with a very placid interest. Even the fact that he had averaged 230 or so for all the State matches left us calm. But when, in the match between South Australia and Queensland, a brand-new young fast bowler, by name Stackpoole, got him caught first ball for a duck, the news put a girdle round the cricketing earth in less than no time. Everybody said to everybody else: "Bradman out first ball!" with a mixture of awe and malicious pleasure. True, he made 97 in his second innings, but that was nothing as compared with the duck. When Bowes was less famous than he is to-day and got Bradman out for nought in a Test match in Australia—with a long hop—his mother and all his relations and friends in Yorkshire were eagerly interviewed on the subject. That glory now illumines Stackpoole. He, by the way, got a duck too, but nobody seems to care.



# A COUNTRYMAN LOOKS AT THE WAR

## BLACKGAME IN THE SOUTH—A RETRIEVING PIG—ARMY CLOTHING— DRESSING FOR THE GENERAL

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

**A**LTHOUGH the game of the British Isles may have had an easy time of it during the autumn, owing to the dislocation of war, they have had to pay for their immunity during the last few weeks since the Christmas leave started. Parties of guns in Naval uniform, Air Force blue, and battle-dress—and with them a number who flouted then existing regulations by wearing mufti—have shot over most of the neglected shoots in Britain. Troops somewhere in the eastern counties have been very busy with the last of the partridges and pheasants, and the Navy, one hears, are paying considerable attention to the wildfowl and woodcock in the extreme north of Scotland, the Shetlands and the Hebrides, which in normal times during the heart of winter attract only the hardiest of sportsmen.

To many people, both tenants and owners, the season in the far north is considered to have ended with October, but during the following three months wildfowl of all varieties come south from the Arctic regions: duck of several species, woodcock in vast numbers (though invariably later than one expects and hopes), golden plover, snipe, and the inimitable wood-pigeon, who swarms into every coppice, which are few and far between. Good shooting is there for the asking for those who can stand the weather, and one imagines that, to men who have been bumping about in destroyers in the icy North Sea for the last three months, a Caithness snipe bog in January would seem only slightly bracing.

**O**NE shooting party on a moor in the south of England brought back the report of a bird seen that resembled a greyhen, but I imagine it must have been a hen pheasant that had lost her tail, for I am afraid that blackgame have disappeared entirely from our part of the world.

It would seem that human influence and ingenuity has little effect on the bird world whichever way it is exercised. On the one hand we have the great and unchecked increase all over the country of evil and unwanted birds, such as the little owl that Mr. Yeates let off quite lightly in a recent number of *COUNTRY LIFE*, the sparrow, starling and wood-pigeon; and on the other hand there is the complete disappearance of those birds we wish to remain with us at all costs. Among these is the blackgame, which was once plentiful in all the southern counties, and which until the 'seventies was sufficiently numerous on Dartmoor, the Dorset heaths and the New Forest for quite appreciable bags to be obtained. Major Wingrove of Totton, who shot regularly in the New Forest and whose game-book was kept religiously, records ten blackgame shot as late as 1879. As they figured regularly in the game-book until this year, and then ceased, one concludes that an order had been issued protecting them.

**A**BOUT this time blackgame became fewer and fewer in the south, and, despite endeavours by the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, Deputy Surveyor of the New Forest, Major Radclyffe of Wareham, and other landowners, to maintain a head by rigid protection and the importation of fresh stock from the north, the bird has disappeared completely from the southern counties. There are rumours of a few pairs remaining on Dartmoor and Exmoor, but they are only rumours, and I did hear that an odd bird might exist on Arne Heath, north of Swanage, but this I doubt, as it has become a summer camping haunt.

Lascelles, in his book on the New Forest, attributes their disappearance to the increase of foxes and ground vermin, and not to indiscriminate shooting, which is probably correct so far as the Forest is concerned, as here there is adequate protection and the few guns who shoot this area take an interest in game protection.

Another bird that has completely disappeared from the country is the great bustard, which in the Middle Ages was common on Salisbury Plain and in Norfolk and Suffolk. This bird died out at the close of the eighteenth century, and the explanation appears to be that increased cultivation and more intensive farming took in the big open spaces it used to frequent.

**B**LACKGAME in the New Forest recalls the story of Slut, the famous pointing and retrieving pig, whose picture is to be seen in the private hotel at Brockenhurst owned by a descendant

of the Mr. Toomer who trained and shot over this sow for several years. Slut lived at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and an account of her is given in *Rural Sports* (1807). She is said to have been far better than any pointer or setter, was excellent at retrieving though it is not stated if she had a soft mouth or not, and was steady at all game, including snipe and rabbits, but was never known to point a hare. When called to go shooting she would come in off the Forest at full gallop, and would show the same delight in the sight of a gun as any sporting dog. The only regret is that Mr. Toomer did not breed from her—a litter of twelve steady gun-pigs would have done something to establish a strain of reliable retrievers that would be extremely useful to-day.



Seton Gordon

### BLACKCOCK ABOUT TO FIGHT

looked like a rabble of revolutionaries marching to sack a town.

There is just a suggestion, however, that this time some of the new uniforms have been finished off by the contractors very hurriedly, because in a certain distinguished regiment in this part of the world a circular letter marked "Urgent" has been sent to the various company commanders asking them to render a report on the buttons of the troops' trousers, which are coming off unexpectedly. The compiling of a report of this description will require some research, because a lot depends on the position of the offending buttons. If they are those at the top of the garment that fasten round the waist, it points to the fact that the troops are being over-fed; but if, on the other hand, they are those at the back, it suggests that the men are bracing themselves up too strenuously. Of course, one must not overlook the possibility that the failure might be due to the buttons not being sewn on properly.

**A**T the beginning of the last war I commanded a detachment which was composed almost entirely of re-enlisted ex-Regulars, clothed in their ordinary working garments. They were a most redoubtable collection of men, but their appearance was against them; and, unfortunately, the general commanding our brigade was one of the old school. He had served in and commanded one of the smartest regiments of infantry of the line, and it was impossible for him to reconcile himself to a "present arms," however smart, from a guard consisting of three men wearing caps and soft hats and commanded by a corporal resplendent in a bowler. In the parlance of the Army of to-day, it gave him "a pain in the neck," and after this nothing was right; the camp was untidy, the books improperly kept, and the cook-house unclean. What a godsend a cookhouse is to an irate general looking for trouble, because if the proper preparation of the men's dinners is the first consideration it is bound to be not quite spick and span, and, never having peeled a potato in his life, the general can always say the potatoes are improperly peeled.

The solution of our difficulty was quite simple. We had in the detachment three men and a lance-corporal from the 1st Battalion, who, being under age, had not gone to France with the Expeditionary Force, and the clothing of these four youngsters was complete in every detail and faultless as to cut. They were told to stand by, the tradesmen in the tiny village below the camp were recruited as secret agents, and when a ring came through on the telephone that the enemy was in sight, otherwise the general coming up the hill in his staff car, the civilian-clad guard were hastily dismissed and their places taken by the four picked men, who gave the general a "Present arms" that warmed his heart and reminded him of Aldershot in the 'nineties. After this everything was perfect with a "God's in his Heaven, all's right with the world" atmosphere, and we were the smartest detachment in the command, until we were found out!



## THE EPIC OF FINLAND



THE BLEAK LAPLAND FELS GIVE NEITHER SHELTER NOR COVER TO AN INVADER

**D**AY after day we read of the heroism of the Finns and the incredible sufferings of the ill equipped Russian soldiers who are constantly being found dead from exposure in the snow-bound wastes of Finnish Lapland. To understand either the heroism or the suffering one must know the Finns and have experienced the bitterness of an Arctic winter in those desolate places where some of the fiercest fighting against every force of circumstance is at present taking place. I know the Finns and their country, and I have journeyed in winter through the Arctic wastes.

In many ways the Finns, said to be of Mongol stock and closely akin to the Hungarian race, are an incredible people. They make good friends, but bitter enemies, and their determination to achieve whatever purpose they envisage is entirely admirable. They have broken free from the yoke of Sweden and Russia in turn and are as determined as ever not to give up their freedom while a man remains to fight for it.

It may seem a small matter in time of war, but the fact remains that, since the revival of the Olympic Games the Finns have worked untiringly to achieve a leading place in sport and, again, they have succeeded in athletics, ski-ing, boxing, wrestling and shooting. Perhaps nothing is more characteristic of these people than the picture of their great distance runner, Paavo Nurmi, training for his world triumphs by running hundreds upon hundreds of miles alone over frozen Finnish roads with only a battered old



A FINNISH WOMAN



TYPE OF FINLAND'S DOGGED PERSISTENCE  
Nurmi, the Olympic champion, from the statue by  
V. Altanen

stop-watch for company and guidance. Or again, there is the story told to me by the famous Finnish ski-ing champion, Arno Hohenenthal, of how a Finnish lumber-jack encountered a bear in a lonely place, and, although armed only with a knife, fought the huge creature to the death. The two bodies were found days later by fellow-workmen.

These people have other reasons, beyond those of national sentiment, for not wishing to sacrifice their hard-won freedom to the interests of even the strongest of other nations. They have built up the second largest world trade in timber, and the potential value of their nickel mines in the north is incalculable. They have blown up the mines in the Petsamo district rather than let them fall into Russian hands. For, if no nation could have worked harder to achieve their ends and to develop both the strength and culture of their people to international standards, the Finns, too, know the value of ruthlessness and self-sacrifice. All the way south through the Arctic wastes they are giving isolated villages and lonely huts to the flames, lest they should yield comfort and shelter for the Soviet troops, whose advance they are determined to hinder by all possible, legitimate, means. And the Lapps have already driven off their huge herds of reindeer, which, otherwise, would have provided welcome food for the Red Army.

That the Finns are fighting a delaying action of amazing strategic efficiency is clear, but what are the circumstances which, so far, have enabled a force so inferior in numbers to the army of its foes to do this for so long and so successfully? The epic victories on the eastern front cannot but recall the triumph of a handful of athletic Greeks over the Persian hordes at Thermopylae. The superiority of the Finnish soldier and his equipment has been shown decisively. During his compulsory training every Finn spends a time in the north on winter ski manoeuvres. In winter, at least, the Finns as a nation are superior on skis to the Russians, and can, therefore, operate more freely, doubling the effectiveness of their limited numbers.

Further assets are the cool courage which has enabled the Finns to await even tanks with only shotguns, their ingenuity in



(Left) LAPP FAMILIES SUCH AS THIS ARE SEEKING SANCTUARY OVER THE WESTERN FRONTIER'  
(Right) A FINNISH FREEHOLDER FAMILY AT HOME

ambushing these mechanical monsters and their superior individual marksmanship, which has caused so many casualties in the Red Army.

The nature of Lapland is also in favour of the Finns. It is true that the Soviet can send troops right up to the north of Russia by rail; but once Finnish Lapland is entered there are, in winter, but few passable roads, with the exception of the Arctic Highway, which terminates at Liinahamari, the ice-free port in the Petsamo district. This means that the invaders must face hardships and fight their way south across snowfields and through dense forests before they can hope to capture even the two Finnish railheads at Rovaniemi, in the extreme south of Lapland, and Kauliranta, a few miles outside the Arctic Circle on the Swedish border.

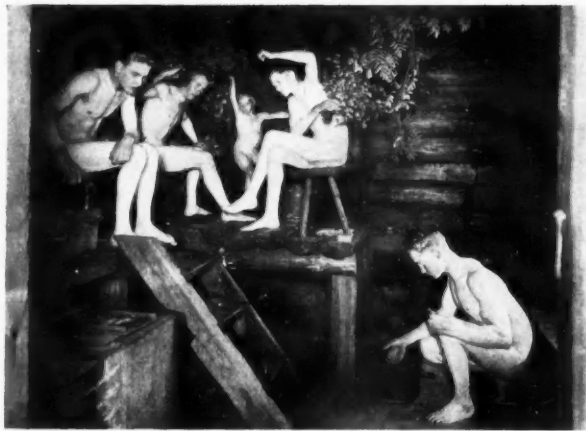
The country is desolate and transport is difficult. Except for the use that can be made of the Arctic Highway and a small number of lesser roads, motor transport in the winter is almost impossible over most of Lapland. Other journeys must be made either on skis or by reindeer-drawn sleighs. Occasionally horses are used instead of reindeer, and the recent capture of a thousand of them shows that the Russians have been compelled to resort to horses.

Travel by sleigh and reindeer is slow. I have used this method of transport in Finnish Lapland and found, for example, that it took me twelve hours to cover a distance of some forty miles. Anyone who has travelled by sleigh through an Arctic

winter night must have been impressed, above all else, by the utter silence which broods over those white, almost uninhabited stretches of country and find it difficult to believe that the peaceful solitude of Finnish Lapland has been destroyed by the noisy chaos of modern war.

The conditions of war must have a bewildering effect upon the placid, peace-loving folk of these parts, whose lives are normally out of touch with the hustle and bustle of life farther south. The Laplanders lead hard lives and most of them dwell in rough wooden homesteads. The villages are small in size and few in number, and there are many isolated huts; in fact, the majority of these people have been accustomed to a lonely but essentially peaceful existence. Many of them are Finnish settlers, but there

are also the settled and nomadic Lapps. The latter live in tents and wander over the fells and through the forests with their families and the herds of reindeer which represent not only their wealth but also their entire means of sustenance.



PREPARING FOR A FINNISH BATH: ATTITUDES THAT TYPIFY THE FINNS AS THE HEIRS OF ANCIENT GREECE



(Left) CATTLE BEING EVACUATED FROM A FARM IN THE WAR ZONE BY FINNISH SOLDIERS  
(Right) WEALTH OF THE NORTH



In these circumstances one can well picture the terror with which the Lapps learned that the Red Army was coming, for that would mean the commandeering of their herds to feed the invaders. Many of the Laplanders have sought refuge in Norway and Sweden, some by boats and others afoot. Lapp families with their sleighs and tents are probably at this time trekking across the snowy fells, driving their herds before them in search of safety. It must be hard for them to make such journeys in the conditions of an Arctic winter, for they have need of haste; fierce blizzards sweep across the Lapland fells at this time of year, while the cold is intense and the snow lies in a thick cloak over the land.

But one of the greatest difficulties with which those in Lapland must contend is the long hours of darkness, for even the daylight, at this season, is little more than twilight beyond the Arctic Circle.

The standing army in Finland is very small in peace-time, but has now been expanded to embrace practically the whole man-power of the nation, and many of the Finns now fighting against the Red Army proved both their courage and military skill in the war against Bolshevism in 1918.

The fighting spirit of the Finns and their determination to defend themselves against aggression is well exemplified in the Lotta-Svard Association. This is a voluntary organisation comprising some 72,000 patriotic Finnish women, even in peace-time, whose duties are very much like those of the British women's service organisations, in that they assist in medical work, take charge of victualling and supply of equipment, and also are allotted clerical duties with the Forces.

Finland has called upon the nations for help and has declared that she is fighting in the interests of civilisation. This is true, and although the appeal for help has not yet been met by other nations actually declaring war upon Russia, help in material and munitions has already been sent. The man-power of the fighting forces, moreover, is being increased by the Finns who are returning to their native land to take up arms, and by foreign volunteers who are joining the Finnish Army, both singly and in contingents.

The importance of the Russo-Finnish War centres round the mastery of the Baltic. One can readily appreciate the desire of the U.S.S.R. to dominate the Baltic and, again, particularly Finland. With Finland, however, entirely independent, the privilege of establishing air and sea bases in Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, already gained by Russia, would lose much of its value.

The command of the entrances to the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland, in the south, and the Province of Petsamo, in the north, provides the real key to the problem. The establishment of strategic bases by the U.S.S.R. on the Estonian islands of Dagö and Osel affords command of the Gulf of Riga, the capital of Latvia, and, to some extent, of the approach to Leningrad through the Gulf of Finland. The possession of the Aaland Islands and the small skerries fringing the Finnish coast, from north of Abo to south of Helsinki beyond Hangö, would consolidate the strongest possible defensive positions, so far as the U.S.S.R. is concerned.

The northern outlet, however, owing to difficulties of transport, was of little practical value to the Finns until 1931. In that year the Finnish Government completed the construction of the Arctic Highway, which runs over a distance of some 333½ miles



A VILLAGE ON THE FINNISH EASTERN FRONTIER SET ON FIRE BY BOMBS AND ARTILLERY



AT PETSAMO. THE GREEK ORTHODOX CHURCH

through Finnish Lapland from Rovaniemi to the ice-free port of Liiinahamari on the north coast of the province of Petsamo.

The building of the road was commenced in 1916 by the Russian Imperial Government, who were forced to abandon the project a year later upon the outbreak of the Red Revolution. The Finns, therefore, have, to all intents and purposes, themselves achieved the notable task of constructing the only engineered road in the world which leads to the Arctic Ocean.

Apart from the value of the outlet to the Arctic Ocean, there are extensive fisheries, reaching as far as Icelandic waters, which have been organised since 1920. Then there is a wealth of timber in the Petsamo district, and also nickel, the mining rights of which are leased to the Mond Nickel Company. At one time Petsamo Province belonged to the Russian Government, but it was ceded to Finland by the Treaty of Dorpat in 1920. M. A. WEBSTER.

## CAVALRY IN THIS WAR

### A GERMAN VIEW, AND ITS IMPLICATIONS

Although COUNTRY LIFE sets out to give its readers an alternative to war news and views, an exception has been made with the following article owing to its important contribution to the discussion of the horse versus the machine in tactics.—Ed.

**I** SUPPOSE that nobody with any knowledge of military operations would pretend that the overrunning of Poland by Germany in eighteen days was not, of itself and altogether apart from whatever real opposition the invaders may or may not have encountered, an achievement of the first magnitude, necessitating meticulous staff work and very high unit efficiency throughout the five army corps concerned.

Very well. It is accordingly in order, in my humble opinion, that it should become known to others than the military authorities (to whom presumably it is known) that this remarkable operation was conducted with the assistance of some two hundred thousand horses: this being the normal war establishment in the German Army to-day for the cavalry, horsed artillery and horse transport units engaged.

My authority for the above is an American translation of an article in the German magazine *Sankt Georg*, a periodical devoted to horses and published in Berlin, which is without political significance and may reasonably be relied upon. The writer makes no secret of the fact that this result would have been impossible without these horses, which proved to be little if at all slower than the mechanised units which, however, formed a comparatively small proportion of the whole invading force.

It would appear that German G.H.Q. had occasion to mention

in its reports the highly satisfactory co-operation of cavalry with the *Panzer* and motor divisions, as also the fact that divisional commanders had occasion to employ independent cavalry squadrons for certain specified duties, which squadrons performed "unique and heroic"—but, we may reasonably take it, valuable—services.

We may therefore be justified in forming the conclusion that the German Army in fact relies upon horses to an extent to which our public have long been deliberately discouraged from supposing that any army now does; and in view of my personal knowledge of the esteem—even wonder—in which German cavalry officers of my acquaintance openly held our own cavalry in the days when it existed, it is abundantly evident to me that Germany possesses to-day at least one effective weapon that we do not, as a more or less direct result of the instruction she received from us in the use of that weapon in the days before we discarded it in favour of one which "formed a comparatively small proportion" of the German force which reduced a million Polish soldiers in eighteen days.

It is to be hoped that our policy is a right one, because, if is not, the position will not be improved by the fact that Poland has by now yielded perhaps a million more horses for the German army, which now has more than enough horses and ample forage for its needs. In other words, it seems to me, in my innocence,

that the German Army will not suffer, as a fighting force, from lack of motor spirit, either as soon or as much as we have been led to suppose.

To the obvious question "What could cavalry do against the Maginot or Siegfried positions?" one is tempted to ask "What is anybody ever going to do against the Maginot or Siegfried positions?"

But there are two points which do matter, namely, the fact that most of the German transport and artillery is already horse-drawn, and that all of it, practically, could be; and that Germany can send an effective, mobile fighting force to any theatre of war which such a force can march to, and can then maintain it in most of them by the simple and time-honoured process of living on the country.

This, when it can be done, is the most effective form of warfare there is; and I can see no reason why Germany should not continue to collect enemies and we allies (and therefore liabilities) by this means for a very considerable time to come; and one may well wonder what the end of it all will be.

If our war object is really to prevent the small countries of Europe from suffering this, that and the other at the hands of Germany, we shall scarcely achieve this object, to the satisfaction of anyone but Germany, simply by helping the French to hold a system of defences already allegedly impregnable, which was

created with the sole object of rendering the invasion of France a virtual impossibility.

That the Maginot line can be regarded as impregnable we are justified in assuming by reason of the fact that, within a comparatively short space of time, the enemy were able to construct positions facing it which are, in turn, admittedly as nearly impregnable as we care about—and we are not without experience of attacking prepared positions. Wars are not won—though they may conceivably end—by passive means; and we shall not win this war from, or in, or (be it whispered) behind, the Maginot line, which could be held by the French alone to the complete satisfaction of its object, admittedly one of supreme importance.

What we have got to do, if we wish to impose our own terms, however lenient, is to attack the Germany Army. This is a military axiom and is, of course, appreciated by those concerned, who no doubt also appreciate its difficulties. Among these difficulties will be found that of dispensing with a weapon in which we used to excel and by which the Germans set considerable store; having replaced it with one which "forms only a small proportion" of the forces of an enemy who is not noted for mistakes of this kind.

It is the employment of cavalry, not the need for it, that changes. It is now too late—should this interest anyone; for first-rate cavalry cannot be improvised, and no other kind is worth having.

BRIDDOON.

## A FAMILY OF WRYNECKS

IT was on Easter Sunday that I was roused by a pair of great tits making a noise by their box near my windows, and, thinking a cat was there, I looked out and saw a wryneck on the box with several birds mobbing him. He seemed to pay very little attention to them. He disappeared into the hole and shortly came out with an egg, which he dropped to the ground. Then he carried on with fetching out all the tits' eggs. Some he took away, others he dropped on the ground. Then he started pulling the nest out, coming out with mouthfuls of hair and lining, which had hung about the hole; and every now and then he would stay outside the box clearing it away. It was most amusing watching this, as he seemed to have difficulty in getting the hairs out of his beak. He tried to jerk it away several times without success, till he would appear to spit it out, and a bunch of hair would fly out of his beak. Then he reached the moss at the bottom of the nest, which was quicker work. He kept coming to the hole with a beakful of moss, and going back for more, till the hole was quite blocked. Then he would push it through the hole, and a long wad of moss would shoot out.

When he had cleared out all that he wanted to, he spent most of his time looking out of the hole, shouting. After about five days he was answered, and a wife appeared. She was distinctly larger than he, and seemed greyer about the head and neck. It



OLD BIRD REMOVING MATERIAL



FEEDING

took an awful lot of shouting from him to induce her to come to the box, and still more to entice her inside.

At first she did not seem to like the site, but he was determined, and very patiently kept calling, in rather an appealing note, from inside the box. She would come and look into the hole, but it was quite two days before I saw her go in. After that they were both in and out all day long, but she much less than he. She took a lot of coaxing.

After a week of this, whenever I saw both birds leave, I went to look, but found no eggs, just a depression in the little remaining moss at one side of the box. This went on for five weeks, and I began to fear that they were barren. On May 20th I actually saw him tread her on top of the nest-box. He spread his wings right over her, and showed his light red-brown-barred pinion feathers, with his tail spread out in support. They obviously meant to nest there, but the last time I looked, and drew blank, was exactly five weeks after he had prepared the nest.

Six days later I looked, and found six lovely round white eggs, which glowed like first-quality pearls. She laid two more eggs afterwards, eight in all. She began to sit in the first week in June, and they were both very quiet. He did not come to the box much in the daytime, though every now and then I saw him bring her a grub. At sundown he gave a call, and then went straight into the box and apparently roosted there. One morning at 5.45 a.m. they both came out, and she had a bath.





ENTICING THE YOUNG ONES TO THE HOLE

Presently I noticed more activity about the hole. The birds showed up oftener, and then on the morning of the 11th I looked and found four eggs were hatched; four white, naked babies with round heads, their mouths open, making quite a noise, like the winding of a watch. They were all eight hatched by the evening of the next day, and they looked a moving mass in the middle of the nest, closely packed together, with their long, thread-like necks all intertwined, so that it would be quite impossible to separate them, or tell which head belonged to which body.

After this both parents fed alternately; one remained on the nest till the other arrived at the hole, when it flew off, and the other went in and remained.

Five days later I looked into the nest and found that the young birds' eyes had not yet opened. I went into the "hide" at 4.15, and till 5.15 the cock and hen fed regularly, sometimes bringing the familiar mealworm-coloured grubs, but after 5.15 they came with their beaks full of a conglomerate mass of black stuff, so I left the hide and followed them to their feeding grounds. I found them hunting a cherry tree. They did not go along the branches in the manner of woodpeckers, but, perching across the boughs and twigs, picked (often with their tongues only) what appeared to be black fly on the cherry leaves. They continued this till it was nearly dark.

I spent the whole of the next morning trying to follow the



TAKING THEIR TURN TO BE FED

old birds to their feeding grounds, without success. Whatever the food is, it is easily procured, for they come back in five minutes, and often less, with their beaks crammed full.

That morning, besides the black substance there was an admixture of reddish brown material. I think the black was black fly, but what was the other? On one occasion I watched an old bird sucking black aphids from the curled leaves of a cherry tree. Its head did not move, but it used its tongue incessantly.

When about nine days old the young were getting their eyes open; a few were almost fully open, others just a small slit. Quite soon after that I noticed that only one bird came (the darker), and that only three times, between 3.30 and 6.30, while I sat in the garden. It only went to the hole once. The other times it sat outside calling continuously, apparently trying to get the young ones to jump up to the hole to be fed. On another occasion I noticed how the young birds waited in turn at the mouth of the hole to be fed. One of them was there more than his share of time and was pushed out and fell, but saved himself at the edge of the box and climbed back.

On June 30th the young all left the nest-box early in the morning, but the old birds kept about for some days after, in the hedges and the trees near by, calling. My ground-hornbill killed one young bird in the hedge, which I managed to retrieve.

E. HUGH BUXTON.



YOUNG BIRD BEING PUSHED OUT



SAVED HIMSELF AND CLIMBED BACK

## THE FIRST WAR-TIME EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTERS

"MASTERPIECES of Painting and of Craftsmanship" is perhaps too ambitious a title for the collection of pictures and antiques brought together at Sotheby's Galleries, if the word "masterpiece" is associated with very high prices; but the Exhibition is full of interest, and as the first of its kind since the war began it deserved every encouragement. Sponsored by the *Burlington Magazine* and arranged by Mr. Frank Davis, it is a new departure in more ways than one. The price of the exhibits is limited to £350, and 10 per cent. of the purchase price of any sales effected



will be devoted to the Red Cross. The catalogue gives the names and addresses of all the dealers who have contributed, so that sales may be made even after the close of the Exhibition on January 26th, and every picture in the show is reproduced in the January issue of the *Burlington Magazine* and will thus come to the notice of possible buyers in America. The arrangement is tasteful, with some pieces of furniture and a few cases of silver and jewels among the pictures, and the combination of old and modern European pictures with Oriental paintings in one room is original and highly successful.

Beginning with a few primitives, such as the alluring little "Madonna and Child" by Sano di Pietro, the very Gothic "Virgin and Child" by some follower of Giovanni di Paolo, a Resurrection panel from an Aragonese altarpiece, and a triptych with the "Flagellation," "Road to Calvary," and "Lamentation" by Goosen van der Weyden, the Exhibition is particularly noteworthy for its landscapes and sporting pictures. The origins of landscape as an independent art must be sought in the Netherlands, and the little picture of "St. John at Patmos" by Jan de Cock shows a port scene with a dark sky almost as fantastic as some of the landscapes by his better-known contemporary Bosch. It was from the Netherlands that English landscape painters received their earliest inspiration, many Flemish and Dutch painters having come to work in this country. One of these was Jan Siberechts, who spent his last years in England working for the Duke of Buckingham and other noble patrons. The landscape



(Top) ST. JOHN ON PATMOS, BY JAN DE COCK

Detail of lower part  
(From West's Galleries)

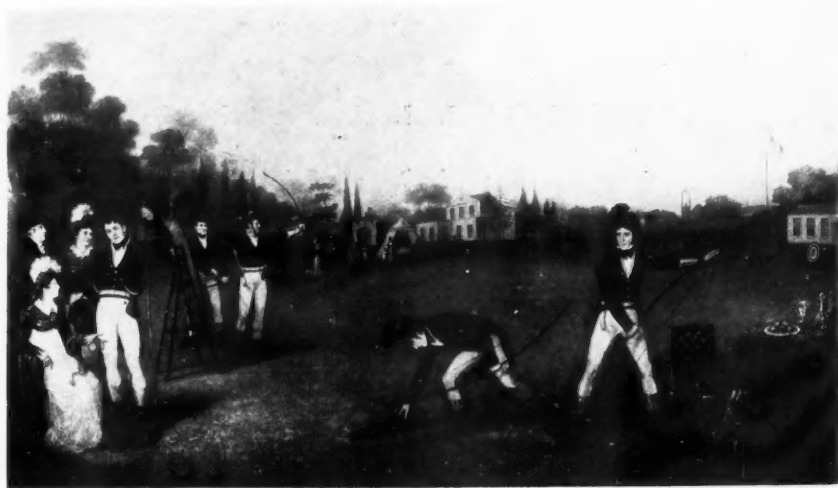
(Above left)  
THE LABOURERS, BY GEORGE STUBBS

(From Messrs. Spink and Son)

(Left) AN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE, BY JAN SIBERECHTS

(From Messrs. Mond-schein and Co.)





"A MEET OF THE TOXOPHILITE SOCIETY," BY R. I. CRUICKSHANK  
(From Messrs. Ellis and Smith)

by him shows a tree and some cattle fording a stream, with a girl riding on a donkey, all of which might have come out of any Flemish picture, but the landscape in the background is unmistakably English, and it has been suggested that the church on the right is Stanmore, with Harrow-on-the-Hill in the distance. It would be interesting if this identification could be confirmed. Quite apart from the topographical interest the picture contains the germ of what Gainsborough and Constable afterwards made of the English scene.

The early patrons of sport also had to look to the Netherlands for their painters. An interesting early example is the picture of "Six menage horses belonging to William Cavendish 1st Duke of Newcastle" by Abraham van Diepenbeke. The horses are painted in two tiers one above another, each held by a groom. This, by the way, was the first picture to find a purchaser. The rather wooden treatment of the horse in James Seymour's portrait of "Sir Robert Burgoyne on his favourite hunter Badger" proves how necessary Stubbs' research into the anatomy of the horse was for the subsequent development of British sporting art. The picture of "Labourers" by Stubbs, is more accomplished, and yet there is a decorative quality about the earlier style which recalls Uccello and some Oriental paintings of horses. This leads to the question of how the Chinese painted their horses—surely by observation rather than with the aid of a scientific study of structure. Yet the Chinese hold their own beside their European counterparts, as painters of horses, as well as flowers and portraits. The Oriental artists know how to select the essence of character from all the accidents of appearance, which the European painters recorded so carefully. "Brood Mares and Foals" by Sawrey Gilpin, and "The Taglioni Coach Outside the Roebuck Inn, Windsor" by James Pollard point to the direction taken by English sporting artists after Stubbs. The name of John Wootton is so often associated with horses that it is well to be reminded that in his day he was famous as a landscape painter. There is a "Romantic Landscape" in the style of Gaspard Poussin, and a further development of this romantic element appears in the picture by Charles Townley showing three riderless horses in a landscape with a castle in the background. Two excellent examples of the more rustic genre of English animal painting are "The Armyard" by James Ward and "Peasant Man and Woman with two Horses" by Francis Wheatley.



MONGOLIAN PONY, CHINESE, MING DYNASTY  
(From Messrs. Spink and Son)

fascinating to trace the development from the seventeenth-century Dutch masters to nineteenth-century painters such as Jongkind and Boudin, ending with the extreme simplification of Raoul Dufy

in his "Regates à Deauville." Other modern painters in the Exhibition are Vuillard, Utrillo, Brague and Picasso, the latter in a rather unfamiliar aspect in an early drawing looking almost like a Degas. The nineteenth-century pictures are very amusing. Romance is ushered in with gusto in Henry Fuseli's "Scene from a Play," and there is a very good story picture of a budding artist, entitled "Un Chef d'Œuvre Incompris," by Evariste Carpentier. But the most elegant aspect of the early nineteenth century appears in the picture by Robert Isaac Cruickshank, representing "A Meet of the Toxophilite Society" at Waring's Archery Ground, Bayswater, in 1817. The Duke and Duchess of Bedford with the Marquess and Marchioness of Tavistock are grouped on the left, and the two archers in the centre are Lord Aylesford and the Rev. J. Hurst. These may not be masterpieces of the first rank, but they are all delightful pictures. The most conspicuous piece of furniture in the large room is a double-sided writing desk after a design by Sheraton, and the *objets d'art* in the cases include ivories, bronzes, maiolica, silver and jewellery. M.C.



HORSES IN A LANDSCAPE WITH A CASTLE IN THE BACKGROUND, BY CHARLES TOWNLEY. (From Messrs. A. Tooth and Son)

# GEORGIAN LONDON

NO. 6, CHEYNE WALK. THE RESIDENCE OF H. S. H. GUINNESS, ESQ.

*The largest and finest of the houses in the eastern portion of Cheyne Walk, which were built between 1717 and 1720 in the Great Garden of the King's Manor*

**W**ITHOUT Cheyne Walk Chelsea to our eyes would not be Chelsea. Yet it originated as a speculative building enterprise of a kind that has become all too familiar. Georgian Chelsea, the piecemeal disappearance of which we deplore, must have seemed as it gradually came into existence a development hardly less regrettable than the one that has taken place in the last half-century. The growth of this pleasant eighteenth-century riverside suburb meant the end of the village of Tudor palaces, in which Sir Thomas More had had his country retreat and where his Sovereign, after having him beheaded, paid him the posthumous compliment of building one for himself. Royalty, it is true, soon grew tired of Chelsea, but for the best part of two centuries it was one of the aristocratic riverside resorts, almost rivalling Greenwich or Richmond, and the laying out of Cheyne Walk meant good-bye to all that.

Henry VIII's manor house stood on the part of Cheyne Walk immediately east of Oakley Street and the bridge-head. He obtained possession of the manor by one of those "exchanges" of property in which he was seldom, if ever, the loser. On his marriage with Catherine Parr, he gave it to her as part of her jointure. Subsequently it was leased—to the Duchess of Somerset, the Earl of Nottingham, the first Duke of Hamilton,

among others, and the last-named greatly enlarged it, nearly doubling the river frontage. In the latter part of the seventeenth century it was in the possession of Lord Cheyne, after whom Cheyne Walk is named. Then, in 1712, Sir Hans Sloane purchased the manor, and with it the house—or, rather, what was left of it, for in 1664 the western portion had been sold to the Bishops of Winchester. It was Sir Hans who began developing the property by letting on building leases the Great Garden to the east of the house. Nos. 1 to 18, Cheyne Walk, all built in their original form between 1717 and 1720, represent the extent of the garden east and west. The manor house, however, was left standing, and in 1742 Sir Hans had it fitted up for himself and spent the last eleven years of his life in it. After his death it was pulled down, and Nos. 19–26, completing the row, were built on its site. When the eastern half of Cheyne Walk was laid out, the river bank was much closer than it is now, a comparatively narrow way running along the waterside. But if the Embankment of 1874 pushed the river back, it left room for a double road and a belt of gardens between, so that Cheyne Walk has a leafy quiet that more than makes up for the withdrawal of the water.

No. 6 is the largest and the most perfectly preserved of all the surviving houses in the Walk. Its red brick front has

a five-window width, leaving room for a central doorway (Fig. 2), by contrast with its neighbours, which have their doorways placed at the side. The houses, according to the usual practice of the time, seem to have been built by speculators, who took leases of the plots. Nos. 1 and 3 appear to have been the work of one builder, as they show the same plan and details. No. 4, a larger house, has the date 1718 on its rainwater-heads. At No. 6 the only date to be seen is in a lead cistern in the garden, and that is 1721. In the rate-books, however, the name of the first occupant appears as early as 1718. He was Joseph Danvers, of Swithland in Leicestershire, M.P. at different times for Boroughbridge, Bramber and Totnes, who in 1746 was created a baronet. His arms appear on the rainwater-heads, and—impaling those of his wife, a Babington of Rothley Temple—in the centre of the beautiful grille above a door on the first-floor landing (Fig. 4).

The Danvers' occupation lasted until 1764, when Sir John, the second baronet, gave up the tenancy. In the next year there moved in a man of great note in his time—Dr. Bartholomew Dominiceti. A Venetian, of noble family, he had settled in England, and some years before his move to Chelsea had opened a thermal establishment at Bristol which became famous. Two of his advertisement boards, which he brought with him from his house in Guinea Street, were found during alterations to a little room at the back of No. 6, Cheyne Walk which



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1.—THE ENTRANCE DOOR AND ITS FLIGHT OF STEPS





2.—FROM THE ROAD. EARLY GEORGIAN BRICKWORK, FINE GATE-PIERS AND LATER GEORGIAN RAILINGS



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3.—THE LONG DRAWING-ROOM ON THE FIRST FLOOR, FORMED OUT OF THREE ROOMS



4.—GRILLE ABOVE A DOORWAY ON THE LANDING  
The arms are those of Danvers impaling Babington

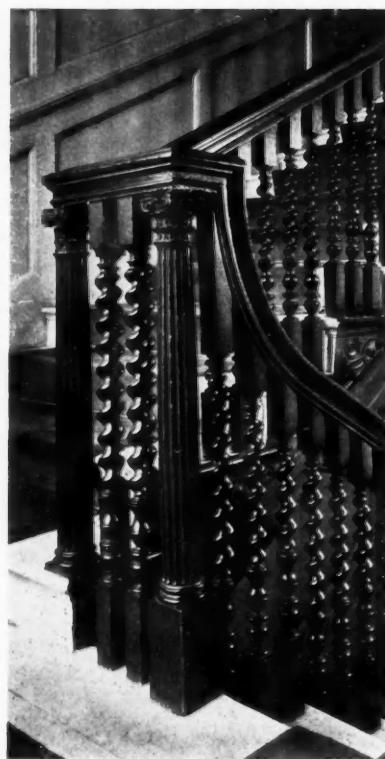


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5.—FROM STAIRCASE HALL TO ENTRANCE HALL

"Country Life"

formed the entrance to his baths. According to Faulkner, the historian of Chelsea, he spent over £37,000 in erecting these baths and adapting the house, and by 1780 he is said to have had 16,000 patients. In spite of Doctor Johnson's declaration—"there is nothing in all his boasted system"—and his advice to Boswell—"Well, sir, go to Dominiceti and get fumigated, and be sure that the steam be directed to thy head": for all the contempt of one great pundit for another, the "system" was immensely popular. It was the era when taking baths was the fashionable panacea, when George III was visiting Weymouth and stepping out of a bathing machine into the salt water to the strains of "God Save the King" and "Rule, Britannia." Dominiceti's prescriptions of hot baths imbued with salts and "healing herbs" were even

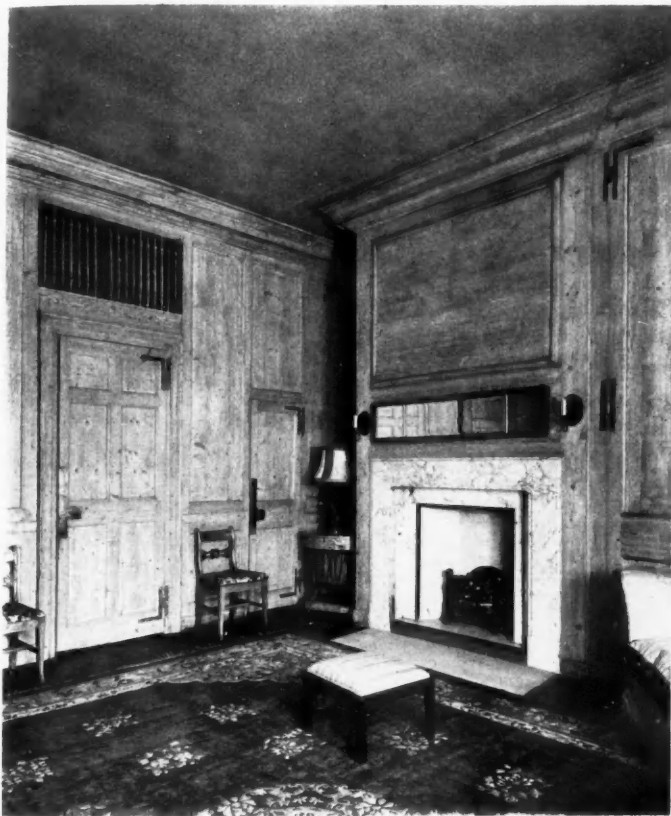


6.—DETAIL OF THE STAIRCASE

tried by the King's brother, the Duke of York, contrary to the advice of all the Royal physicians and surgeons, and with great benefit to his health, if we may believe the Doctor's own account. Though regarded as a quack by the profession, as the unorthodox always are, Dominiceti was by no means the charlatan that his contemporaries made him out to be, and was in some respects ahead of his time. His popularity, however, was short-lived, and by 1782 he had retired from Chelsea deep in debt.

It is rather surprising, in view of the large outlay that Dominiceti expended on it, that the house, both outside and in, is so little changed. The front elevation (Fig. 2), with its moulded brick cornice and string-courses, its large but plain doorway, and the flight of stone steps leading up to it (Fig. 1), is unaltered but for the substitution of thinner sash bars for the original thick ones. What Mr. Godfrey in the London Survey's volume of this part of Chelsea describes as "the somewhat ponderous





7.—A PANELLED BEDROOM ON THE FIRST FLOOR. THE WOODEN GRILLE VENTILATES A LARGE CUPBOARD



8.—LOOKING INTO THE DINING-ROOM FROM THE POWDER CLOSET

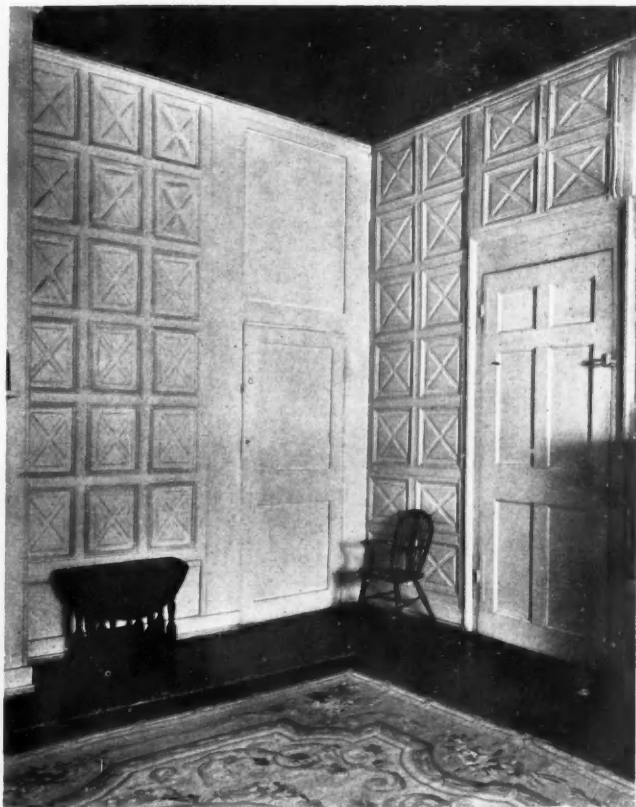
simplicity of its detail" is what one would expect of a builder, who was almost certainly his own designer. The entrance piers with their stone balls are probably original, but the gates and railings reflect the fashion for Gothic and Chinoiserie of the sixties and are probably to be attributed to the Doctor. The back elevation is particularly charming as seen from the end of the long garden, framed by a catalpa and a venerable fig tree (Fig. 11). Originally there was a back entrance from Flood Street; hence the stone paving and the guard stones to

the dignified flight of steps. The eighteenth-century iron railing, introduced by Mr. Guinness, very happily maintains the character of a small courtyard.

The interior is planned with two front rooms, one on each side of the paved and panelled entrance hall, between which and the staircase hall behind there is a wide segmental arch. The two front rooms are now a sitting-room (left) and library (right). Like all the rooms and passages in the house except those on the top floor, they are wainscoted with their



9.—A CANOPIED BED DRAPED IN THE REGENCY MANNER



10.—JACOBEOAN PANELLING WITH ST. ANDREW'S CROSSES



original pine panelling, which in the library has been pickled to show the natural colour of the wood. Most of the fireplaces in the house have a flat marble surround (as in Fig. 7), and in place of an overmantel the panelling is continued round the chimney-breast. In the sitting-room a Vauxhall mirror in three sections with blue glass borders fills the long narrow panel above the surround. The dining-room, on the left of the staircase hall at the back of the house, is similarly panelled, but the fireplace surround here has a wide bolection mould. A little powder closet, from which Fig. 8 is taken, projects towards the garden in the wing seen on the right of Fig. 12. On the opposite side of the staircase hall is a small room that was the butler's pantry, beyond which is the secondary staircase, rising the full height of the house.

The main staircase, which is of oak, is a fine example of its period with three twisted balusters to each tread and nicely carved brackets. Fluted columns with Composite capitals form the newel posts (Fig. 6), and the balustrade curves round in characteristic fashion at the foot. Fig. 5 shows the charming vista looking back through the entrance hall and open front door. From the wide first-floor landing a door on your right opens into a lobby, from which the bedroom over the dining-room is entered. Above the door of the lobby is the beautiful wrought-iron grille with the Danvers arms referred to above (Fig. 4). The door itself is furnished with a heavy bar on the inner side; throughout the house the ponderous nature of locks and bolts suggests that the original owner was leaving nothing unguarded where burglars might be concerned. The bedroom has a big cupboard in the wall opposite the window, with a wooden grille of slender balusters above the door to ventilate it (Fig. 7). There are two more of these unusual features over doors on the landing. The panels on the right of the fireplace open as doors of another large cupboard with shelves. "Ample cupboard space" was evidently another requirement that the eighteenth-century builder was called upon to supply. On the garden side there is a little



11.—LOOKING DOWN THE GARDEN

powder cupboard opening off the room, as in the dining-room below.

The front part of the first floor originally consisted of two rooms with a connecting room between, but the parti-walls have been removed to form a long drawing-room, which might almost be a gallery (Fig. 3). With five windows to light it and fireplaces at either end, it is an enchanting room, with a lovely view through the trees to the river. The panelling is painted olive grey and the ceiling a glossy apricot shade. The furniture includes a fine Charles II black lacquer cabinet and a pair of gilt gesso mirrors and side-tables.

On the top storey the eighteenth-century pine panelling ceases; instead, all the rooms, surprisingly enough, have earlier panelling of sixteenth and early seventeenth-century date. Some of this panelling is of the early Elizabethan kind, with a simple chamfer above and a bead below worked in the rail; other examples, as for instance in the room with the canopied bed draped in Regency manner (Fig. 9), have the usual mitred mouldings. In another bedroom (Fig. 10) a type of panel with a St. Andrew's Cross is used. All this woodwork, much of which was inserted in perfunctory fashion—some of it on its side, some of it upside down—must have come from some older building. In the "Survey of London" volume it is suggested that "Sir Hans Sloane—through whose indifference to her ancient treasure Chelsea has felt her greatest losses—may well have torn it from the walls of his manor house and sold it to the builders"; it may be added that the St. Andrew's Crosses might well belong to the period of the Duke of Hamilton's ownership of the manor. The panelling has all been painted, but in one of the rooms it has been pickled, with excellent results.

Dr. Domenicetti's baths and fumigatory rooms were in a long "elegant brick and wood building," on the east side of the garden, reached through the little projecting room seen on the left of Fig. 12. This room is separated from the house by a heavy studded and iron-banded door. It is possible, too, that the low projecting wing on the right was an addition made by the Doctor. A curious feature of the upper rooms is that their sash windows slide upwards into slots in the wall above. After the Doctor's departure the house was taken by the Rev. Weedon Butler, who moved from No. 4 and opened here his fashionable school in which he was afterwards succeeded by his eldest son. Of this period of the house's history there are several relics. In the powder closet to the dining-room there is a caricature of a gentleman in a periwig—perhaps an usher, or even the reverend gentleman himself—and scratched on an upstairs window are the names, presumably, of two boys who were brothers: James and Joseph Collyer and the date "10 June 1803." At the beginning of this century the house for a considerable time was occupied by Mr. R. O. Leycester. Mr. Guinness has had it since 1928.

ARTHUR OSWALD.



12.—THE GARDEN FRONT, SHOWING ON THE LEFT THE ENTRANCE TO DR. DOMINICETTI'S "FUMIGATORY ROOMS"

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

LES NEIGES D'ANTAN, BY MICHAEL SPENDER

A Camera in the Hills, by F. S. Smythe. (Black, 12s. 6d.)  
 The Everlasting Hills, by J. Waller. (Blackwood, 15s.)  
 The Alps, by R. L. G. Irving. (Batsford, 10s. 6d.)

THE crisp snow and the clear skies of the New Year have invoked many memories of that glistening world, radiant with beauty and sunshine, which used to lie less than a day's journey from our suburbs. But now, bound to camp or factory, we must realise more than ever that we carry some of that world inside us. It is good that we know of people whose main use for explosives is the removal of avalanches; it is well to have faith in the day when the word *Heil* will follow *Ski*; and it is a constant source of strength to recall that the mountains are standing in their appointed places.

The storm-bound sailor reads of other ships and other voyages. In the same way the war-bound *habitué* of the Chesa Grischuna had better turn aside his copy of Osbert Lancaster's "Homes Sweet Homes" and get a breath of fresh air with Smythe or Waller or Irving. He will have to choose his leader according to taste, for though the hills are eternal, men's reactions to them are infinite.

The easiest "going" is with Mr. Smythe. His book consists of pages of demy-quarto photogravure interleaved with single paragraphs of something preciously near blurb. The photographs, even the ones of the Coolins, succeed: they really convey much of the magic of snow, rock and mountains. They are the best mountain photographs I know and they will bring the ghostly inspiration of beauty to many: but I am sure their merit has nothing to do with the tiresome and self-conscious discussions of composition and aesthetics into which Mr. Smythe plunges with more assurance than ever did a professional art critic.

Mr. Waller gives us a season in the Alps, but most of his journeys are to the high hills of India. He tells the stories of several expeditions, including that of the recent attempt on the great mountain Masherbrum (25,660ft.). He mentions too few dates, and he doesn't like being alone. But the stories are good stories and readable. One of his friends must have told him that human interest was the thing nowadays; for, rather than let the stories tell themselves, he thrusts a schoolboyish "I" into the foreground, which, as Mr. Smythe might have said, is one of the most dangerous essays in composition.

The Alps are a maturer range than the Himalayas. Populated valleys have irrigated their desert spaces with fingers of green vegetation and the culture of man. They have been for centuries magnetic to men like Mr. Irving. Publicity, competition, peak-bagging, and the hocus-pocus of the biggest or the highest are elements which could never be accepted by him or any mountaineer of the old school. For them the greatest delight has always been the exclusion of the self in order to make it easier to accept the spirit of the hills. This whole careful account of the Alps, also excellently illustrated, is permeated by this feeling, well brought out by a suitable quotation with which to end this review:

If the human race is not utterly different from what it has been and what it is, the Alps will seem to it the best of all the ranges in the world, because they have given most and can still give most of beauty, health and liberation of the spirit.

## MEDITERRANEAN MEDLEY

A most admirable little book, concise, handy and informative, which everyone should read in these uncertain times, is *Britain and the Mediterranean*, by Kenneth Williams (George Newnes, 3s. 6d.). The Mediterranean happily is not yet one of the war zones, but one cannot say how long this desirable state of affairs may last, for every day there are threats of a Russian advance southwards and rumours of Balkan blocs.

This is not one of those hurriedly compiled volumes brought out to meet a war demand, as the author completed it some time before September, and it is therefore a careful study carefully written. It deals with all our holdings in the Mediterranean, both colonies and mandates, gives a brief history of their acquirement, describes their populations, points out their strategic value, and in short tells one all there is to be known about our position in this sea that links us with the East.

The chapter on that little-known but valuable possession of ours, Cyprus, may well cause a boom in the neglected island when this war is over, and winter seekers of the sun look for an ideal haunt on British territory. All that Cyprus requires is a British shipping service and an air-line route, and if these are not forthcoming they should be subsidised.

Perhaps the best chapter in the book is that dealing with the Palestine problem and the Arab people as a whole, for here is a masterly summing up that, unlike anything else that has been written on the subject, will give offence to neither side. It must be remembered too that the book is authoritative, for Mr. Williams served for several years in the Middle East, and since then has been in intimate and constant touch with all Mediterranean affairs. C. S. J.

## COLOURED SEAS

At one point in her book, *A Unicorn in the Bahamas* (Jenkins, 10s. 6d.), Mrs. Rosita Forbes quotes from a sixteenth-century Jesuit priest: "and there is much more than what I have written and I have left it that they may not tax me with falsehood." The remark, applied to the Bahamas, carries conviction. For what magic there is in the island names—Andros and Exuma, Bimini and San Salvador, Spanish Wells and Cat Island; what colour and violence in their history. The author gives her first hundred pages or so to that history, the rest of

her book to her varied personal experiences on the islands, and her search for a settling-place worthy to be the home of a unicorn, her early love in the realm of fantasy. The book is vividly descriptive; we are made to see the beaches "petal smooth and unblemished," the "golden and amethystine rocks," all "the unbelievable seas of the Bahamas." There are good stories, curious facts, fine photographs. As against all this, the people who make remarks to Mrs. Rosita Forbes are just a little too often princes or princesses, lords or ladies, presidents, dictators, governors, cardinal-archbishops and the like. V. H. F.

## REFUGEES IN THE ANDES

There are books that are difficult to review. *Refuge in the Andes* (John Lane, 10s. 6d.) is one of them. It is a mixture of vivid description of an interesting and little-known part of the world, the southern half of Colombia, the story of the near-tragedy of a group of refugees from Central Europe transplanted in an out-of-the-way valley, a good deal of what the reporters call human interest, and a certain amount of sob-stuff about the natives. The whole is larded with an outlook on life that stretches out to the left.

The narrative is about one of the numerous attempts that have been made to plant in various corners of the world colonies of refugees from Nazi oppression. This small group fell on hard times, and its sponsors in London tried to revivify it with the help of the author, Mr. Rudolph Messel, and his companion. This account makes interesting reading and is very well told. The author maintains that the power of the Gestapo reaches far up into the Andes and that the near-tragedy was engineered by them. It is open to doubt whether this particular failure was their doing; it would be almost as easy to prove that it was caused by a mixture of stupidity and cupidity among some unpleasant characters.

What mars this thoughtful book is the author's excursions into political speculation about Inca and post-Inca civilisation. It is difficult to imagine the pre-eminence of one that possessed neither an alphabet nor a wheel. Other observers, just as intelligent and with longer experience of South America, fail to find in the native Indians such a suitable medium on which political bacteria can live and thrive. However, it is only fair to add that the general edifice of society in the northern countries of South America is enough to make anyone with political leanings squirm.

Whether we believe in all the suppositions put forward by the author or not, we must allow that this is a book showing a slice of such a very different life from ours that it makes everyone who reads it feel at least a little sympathy towards those unfortunates who have no country, and possibly no future. E. H. M. C.

## TALES OF ESSEX

The Great Evacuation of 1939 may happily result in a greater appreciation of the countryside by the townsfolk. To each his own corner—although the Government may have helped to decide that for him—but for those who are attracted by the rather unfashionable Essex, Mr. Bensusan is the proper guide. A "furriner" himself, as Mr. Maynard Greville in his Preface to Mr. Bensusan's latest collection—*Tales from the Saxon Shore* (George Routledge and Sons, 10s. 6d.)—points out, he has a *flair* and a felicity of description that make the Essex country-folk live. Perhaps it is the very queerness of a remote country community that makes these stories so fascinating, but we feel a secret dread that Martha Wospottle, the Wise Woman, 'Lijah Bird and their neighbours are already becoming museum pieces, their individualities and their eccentricities ironed out by the advancing horde of rules and regulations of the Government. But before they go they are being faithfully recorded for us. One feels secretly envious of the quietness of their lives, on which international complications seem to leave no trace, but perhaps all that is now changed. Even Martha Wospottle may have an evacuee, and we hope that we shall hear how the Saxon Shore tackled the National Emergency. G. C. M.

## GUIDE TO BATH

Bath is a subject which must always make a special appeal to the lover of Georgian architecture, and Mr. Grundy Heape's latest book—*The Soul of Bath* (Methuen, 10s. 6d.)—will not only be appreciated by all who know that city, but serve as an excellent guide for those who are about to make its acquaintance. In it he has combined a concise account of its growth and history from the beginning of the eighteenth century with entertaining glimpses of many of the famous people who have since then resided in its pleasant streets. The text is illustrated with excellent reproductions from thirty-three drawings by the author.

## JAPANESE MAN OF WAR

*War and Soldier* (Putnam, 8s. 6d.) is a remarkable book. Its effect is cumulative, through the adding of one little touch to another through many pages. The story of a soldier in the Chino-Japanese war is told with great particularity of details, some of which may seem at first superfluous; but out of the mud and the muddle and the heat, and the eternity of green plains of wheat there emerges a definite and striking picture of a single human being, pitchforked into the midst of war. The author, Mr. Ashihei Hino, is in private life, we are told, both a man of business and a man of letters of considerable repute. On a sudden he finds himself a private soldier on an insufferably crowded transport, on the way to Hangchow, where he subsequently lands in the face of the enemy, sinking deep in bogs, with machine-gun bullets whistling round his head. Next he enjoys comparative repose with the troops occupying Hangchow. Then he is attached to the Army Press Bureau and sets out across the wheatfields in hideous heat and in crawling trains, overwhelmed now and again with resentment against the smug people at home who take the war so calmly, and wishing that he could bring them to guard a railway in the middle of China. There is more realistically confused fighting, and then he is once more at sea bound for Canton, which he enters victoriously to find nobody there. The language appears sometimes oddly stiff, and is, one suspects, very literally translated, but this gives the book a characteristic and exotic flavour. It is not a book easy to illustrate by quotation, since it is so



gradually that it takes hold of the reader. Here, however, is the account of Uhei Yoshida, who loved his horse, Kichizo, that was commandeered. "The day he took his horse to the army was very hot, yet he put the great banner and the 'senninbari' and charms on the animal, as well as a great Japanese flag and a straw-hat with holes for its ears. . . . When Uhei delivered his animal to the receiving officer he could not help but burst into tears. He put his arms round Kichizo's neck, rubbed his backside and he would not leave it until the evening. Even though the weather was so hot, he yet visited his Kichizo every day and when at home was like a stupid man who had lost his mind. . . . When he was able to see his animal Uhei was like a plant which had just received water." Kichizo was on the transport with the author, to whom Uhei's farewell words were: "He has red and chestnut hair. If you see him please give him my regards. It is foolish, of course, for me to ask you to give regards to a horse, but anyway please rub his nose for me, and if you have time please write to tell me about him. I shall be so grateful to you." B. D.

#### IN DARKEST GERMANY

Fear bestrides *Escape* like a Colossus. To make us shudder over things happening even now in darkest Germany is easy, for there is material and to spare. But to create the tigerish eyes of danger, the stifling atmosphere of hourly dread in individuals attempting to outwit the Nazi machine, to keep sensationalism out and emotion always under control: that is difficult and that is art. It is done in this novel. We do not know whether it is done by a man or a woman; we know only that the author chooses or is forced to conceal identity under a pseudonym, that he or she knows and can write. Whether the escape here described ever took place we cannot tell; at a guess, we should say that it—or something very much like it—happened once and can never happen again. The characters are as important, as skilfully developed as the plot. Each man and woman concerned in saving Emmy Ritter from execution fights a silent battle between the cowardice that submits

and the courage urging the soul to live up to the best that is in it. For Emmy, good actress and lovable woman, is also symbolic of something greater. V. H. F.

#### FULL CIRCLE

It is surprising, when you come to think of it, what a lot of different kinds of houses you can live in in a lifetime, if the fates set their minds to it. There are lodging-house, country house, town house, public-house, doss-house, poor-house . . . Lillianna, alias Mrs. Bingham, Lady Clyde, Mrs. Page, the heroine of *The Round of Life*, by Adelaide Eden Phillpotts (Rich and Cowan, 7s. 6d.), tried them all, and others too. In fact, her life went full circle, and her generous vivacity of character and spontaneous gaiety of soul led her from experience to experience, from the depths to the heights, and down again. Born in the work-house without a name, but with compensatory beauty and charm, she married into suburban respectability, was divorced, and married again into high society. Widowed, she imagined herself a great actress—and, inevitably, lost her fortune. From that moment her life is a grim descent, over which her character triumphs again and again. And through her vicissitudes runs the steady thread of her friendship with David Callendar from his poverty-stricken student days to his triumph as a great doctor. You cannot help liking Lillianna, even when wildly irritated by her foolishness and quixotic generosity. C. E. H. G.

#### A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST

FINLAND'S WAR OF INDEPENDENCE, by Lieutenant-Colonel J. O. Hannula (Faber, 12s. 6d.); CHINA IN PEACE AND WAR, by Madame Chiang Kai-Shek (Hurst and Blackett, 16s.); TWO ROADS TO AFRICA, by H. E. Symonds (Gifford, 10s. 6d.); EAT WELL IN WAR-TIME, by Leonora Eyles (Gollancz, 3s. 6d.); FICTION: THE FALL, by Hugh Kingsmill (Methuen, 8s. 3d.); THE KHANS' PROGRESS, by Richard Ullman (Faber, 8s. 3d.); TAKE COURAGE, by Phyllis Bentley (Gollancz, 9s. 6d.); VERDICT OF TWELVE, by Raymond Postgate (Collins, 7s. 6d.).

## AGRICULTURE'S LEADER

### SIR REGINALD DORMAN-SMITH'S WORK FOR FARMERS

**D**URING last week the Minister of Agriculture, Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, came before the public on two occasions. One was the special meeting of the Farmers' Club which was called to hear an address by him, and the other was his broadcast talk in the period reserved for Ministers of the Crown on Wednesday evenings.

What manner of man is this who is agriculture's leader at the present time? He certainly is agriculture's leader, and stands head and shoulders above anyone else in the farming world, including even the President of the National Farmers' Union with its 130,000 members. Colonel the Right Hon. Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, M.P., to give him his full titles, is still a young man in mind as well as age. In the early forties, he has lost none of the convert's enthusiasm for the cause of agriculture and the well-being of the land itself. He is a convert, for his education and training prepared him for an Army career. Bred in Ireland and schooled at Harrow, he served with a Sikh regiment in India, and later devoted much of his energies to the Territorial Army in Surrey, where he settled. His heart was in his work, but meanwhile he was training himself to take a part in the affairs of agriculture.

A period of apprenticeship as a farm pupil, then his own farm gave him a footing, and it was not long before he was taking an active part in the business of the Surrey Branch of the National Farmers' Union. This promising recruit to the ranks of agriculture then found himself Surrey's delegate on the Council of the National Farmers' Union. A year or two as a back-bencher, and his qualities were recognised by his election as Vice-President of the Union. Always ready to put the case for agriculture at meetings in the counties and at conferences in London, the N.F.U. took Major Dorman-Smith, as he was then, to its heart, and this young man made one of the most popular Presidents which the Union had ever had; so popular, indeed, that the unprecedented step was taken of electing him President for a second year. He never spared himself, and half-past nine each morning found him in the President's Room at 45, Bedford Square.

In this capacity he led the N.F.U. delegation to the British Empire

Producers' Conference at Sydney and was largely responsible for procuring agreement to the Ottawa "order of preference" in agricultural marketing: i.e., that the local producer is entitled to first place in the local market, other Empire producers second place, and foreign producers third. The affirmation of this principle by Empire producers was of the utmost importance not only for British agriculture, but for the co-ordination and, in the long view, the price-level, of Empire produce. Its adoption was in no small measure due to the tact and manifest sincerity of the leader of the British delegation, and he returned to this country with a statesman's reputation.

During this time he added further to his responsibilities by becoming Member of Parliament for the Petersfield Division of Hampshire. Petersfield may be regarded as a safe Conservative seat, but few men could have tackled two such exacting jobs so effectively. In the House of Commons the Member for Petersfield no doubt enjoyed some reflected respect for his position with the N.F.U. He was a marked man from the outset, and it says much for his tact and common sense that he managed to straddle both horses—the Conservative Party and the N.F.U.—without losing the confidence of either. As a critic from the back benches he was always helpful rather than damaging, and when circumstances demanded that another Minister should be found to take over the Ministry of Agriculture from Mr. W. S. Morrison it was not really surprising that the choice fell on the Member for Petersfield. Politically he was a child, and yet he stepped straight from the back benches into the Cabinet.

His great qualification for office was that he held the confidence of the farming community, which the Government was in danger of losing through a series of inept moves. Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith has not lost the confidence of the farming community. That was clear enough from his reception at the Farmers' Club meeting on Monday of last week. He had warm applause when he rose to speak, and his audience listened to every word of his hour's address. As Minister of Agriculture he has a happy knack of taking farmers into his confidence. If they hear from him what is happening and realise that he understands their difficulties, they know



THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE ON A TOUR OF INSPECTION OF HIS SURREY FARM SHORTLY BEFORE ITS SALE

that their case will be met so far as it is at all possible to do so, and that they will not be let down in the great effort that agriculture is making to increase home food production. Farmers will accept from him the truth that the great concern of the Government now is not merely to appease farmers but to strike a fair balance between the interests of the nation and food producers. There is to be no question of farmers profiteering in this war, and the workers on the land must get a square deal too.

The prices of almost everything that farmers sell have been controlled. Some increase has been allowed in order to cover rises in the farmer's costs of production. The Minister illustrated to the members of the Farmers' Club how these costs of production are being taken into account; he instanced the higher scale of prices now fixed for the Government purchase of fat stock and the increase which is being given in the pool price for milk. It is obvious that such increased prices must always lag a little behind the rise in costs, but it is also a fact that farmers' prices have been raised substantially since the outbreak of war. The all-over rise amounts to at least 20 per cent.

It is, as farmers recognise, mainly due to the persistent efforts of Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith that these increased prices

have been secured. As Minister of Agriculture he is concerned to get an increase in home production, and as a farmer he knows that increased production cannot be secured at an unprofitable level of prices. Pre-war prices were barely profitable and certainly no incentive to a great increase in home production. It needs no stretch of imagination to realise that the Minister of Agriculture's Cabinet colleagues may not always see eye to eye with him on this question of prices for farm produce. In general the Government want, and want urgently, to get an increase in home production to save shipping space and the unnecessary use of foreign currency for buying foodstuffs, but they are also concerned to keep the cost of living at a reasonable level.

The strength of the Minister of Agriculture's position is that his colleagues in the Government recognise that he knows what he is talking about and that he has his finger on the pulse of the farming community. From the point of view of the nation, which wants more food grown and wants to see the fullest possible use made of our own land, and from the point of view of farmers and farm workers who want to be enabled to do their job of food production as they know it should be done, the presence of Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith at the Ministry of Agriculture is an asset of great worth. He is the right man in the right place.

## GOLF BY BERNARD DARWIN

### A CHOLEUSE PLAYS GOLF

IT happens now and again that people give up golf for years and then take to it again, feeling like so many Rip Van Winkles who have awakened to a new world of far-flying balls and steel-shafted clubs. I have just heard of a case of this kind. Chivalry forbids that I should state the precise tale of ungolfing years which preceded the great awakening, because the golfer in question is a lady; but she will not, I am sure, resent the statement that the number is considerable. She is, in fact, a cousin of mine, and my last recollection of her as a golfer is of a little girl in a blue holland frock and a red woolly cap. To-day she is an eminent person in the service of the State, and the chances of war have swept her away from London to "somewhere in England," where there is an admirable golf course. Perhaps I may add, without perceptibly aiding the enemy, that it is a seaside golf course where I have played in many and pleasant matches; but beyond that I must not go. I rather envied her for being there, and felt that the natural advantages of the place were wasted on her. The State, I thought, had better have sent me there, though, to be sure, I have no notion of what use I could have been. However, I received a letter the other day in which I read, to my surprise: "I am thinking of playing golf!! and have in fact bought some second-hand clubs from a colleague." I am delighted to hear it, and can only hope the colleague has not taken advantage of her inexperience and done her in her eminent eye.

I shall be anxious to know how much she remembers of her ancient golf, and when I say golf I should more accurately say "chole," for it was that venerable Belgian game that we played in my father's garden and a bit of a field beyond. The principles of the game are simple and are familiar to those who know the historical chapter in the Badminton volume. There are two goals, a considerable distance apart—I believe a church door is a popular goal in Belgium. Our goals were, at one end the space between two trees which really did make goal-posts, and at the other a small triangle of grass, guarded by a bank of laurel bushes and a tin hut containing bicycles. The players divide into two sides and engage in a spirited bidding match after the manner of Bridge. This bidding is as to the number of innings in which they will back themselves to reach one of the two goals, and an innings, according to our rules, consisted of two consecutive strokes. After each innings the other side has its turn, technically known as a *décholade*, in which they endeavour to hit the ball as far as possible away from the goal or, better still, into the most abominably bad lie within reach. When I add that on our course there was a wood-shed and a slimy green pond, it will be understood that the *décholeur*, if sufficiently venomous and accurate, could do the deadliest damage. There were four players, and so two aside, in our games, three little girls and I—a good deal older and, I may not modestly add, more skilful. I was handicapped by having to play with a left-handed iron, but even with that weapon I was relatively a long hitter, and I have a guilty recollection that my side generally won.

We played that game, as it seems to me in memory, for hours together with unflagging enthusiasm. I have never in my life played it on any other course, but it was certainly a noble pursuit on that one, and it has one valuable element in which golf is deficient. You can do your enemy actual positive harm;

you can attack him by something more than mere propaganda; you can fall on his ball and put it into a wood-shed, from which it is the devil and all to get out; you can hit it hard on the top with the back of the club, thereby driving it straight down into the soft ground, but that is a dangerous form of *décholade* and not recommended. At any rate, you can do something directly to that enemy which is malignant and revengeful in the highest degree, and there was, as I recollect, no law of etiquette forbidding you to express your joy when you had succeeded. Golf is a polite game, in which it is not the thing to stand over a man in a bunker and count his strokes, but chole knows no law against standing over an enemy in a wood-shed with every possible demonstration of delight. And supposing by some miracle that the enemy just got it out in their next innings, it was the best fun in the world to put it back there, all among the faggots with the succeeding *décholade*. In short, it was a fine, hostile game.

No doubt my Miss Van Winkle will find substantial differences between golf as played at —on-Sea and the chole of yester-year. She will not find the ghost of a wood-shed nor, I think, any ponds, though I did once hole a niblick shot out of casual water there. She will have to mind her manners about gloating over people when they get into bunkers, and putting will be an entirely new art to her, because, of course, we had none. Neither, on the other hand, had we, save on the tee, anything but the worst possible lies. A rough, wild bit of garden, a tussocky bit of field, gravel walks and flower beds—those were in fact the only lies we had; so if she retains her ancient skill, nothing in the way of trouble ought to appal her. Sand she may not like, but the velvety smoothness of the fairways will be a joyous revelation. I am confident that she will make rapid progress, if only her clubs are suitable, but I do gravely mistrust that colleague. Have they, I wonder, ancient, twisted wooden shafts and heads with pulpy leather faces? Are they at all like the bundles, tied with string, of second-hand clubs sometimes to be seen exposed in moderately tempting array outside a pawnbroker's? Not, of course, that one might not light on a perfect gem of a club wasting its sweetness in some such place. Indeed, I have thought that one might find the one club in the world that would be a magician's wand by attending sales of unclaimed property by railway companies. Still, I should like to know a little more of the colleague's reason for selling the clubs. Is he or she merely tired of the game, or has some princely tip from a rich uncle made it possible to buy a new set? Do these discarded ones constitute a set, or are they only a miscellaneous job lot? Finally, is the putter made of gun-metal, with an overhanging face, such as is, for some inscrutable reason, always provided for those who putt on municipal courses in public parks? If it is, then, in the words of Praed:

My own Araminta, say no.

Meanwhile, I am seriously contemplating sending a little ladies' golfing literature as an offering. She might begin with Miss Hezlet and so work through Miss Leitch and Miss Wethered down to Miss Barton. The books are all on my shelves—but no! one who began in childhood must have retained a natural flowing, easy swing, and needs no such dangerous learning. There is nothing like a thorough grounding in a wood-shed.



## A SELECTION OF VEGETABLE SEEDS

*This year, the home production of vegetables has become a matter of vital importance and it is essential that all garden owners should play their part in the nation-wide campaign to increase our food supply. The annual seed lists are now available, and as a guide to those who have not hitherto concerned themselves with this aspect of the garden, we give in this article a selection of varieties which will ensure a succession of crops for use throughout the year.*

**T**HERE is no need here to stress the importance this year of home-produced vegetables. Every owner of a garden has already been well advised as to the part he or she can play in the campaign to increase our national food supplies, and it is now left to everyone to do what they can according to the ground they have available for development on kitchen garden lines. It has already been pointed out elsewhere that, although the allotment-holder at this time is a great national asset, it is the owner of the private garden—of which it is estimated there are some three and a half millions in this country—who is the pivot on which the greater production of home-grown foodstuffs depends. Hard facts and figures prove how dependent we have been as a nation in the past on the importation of most of our vegetable requirements, and though remarkable progress has been made in recent years in the production of early salad crops for which we were until lately, almost entirely dependent on foreign supplies, we have still a long way to go before we can approach the stage of being self-sufficient in our vegetable needs.

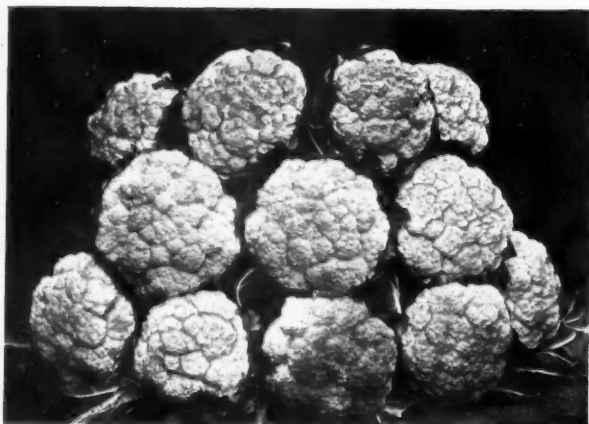
As an indication of the leeway to be made up, it may be of interest to point out that more than 100,000 tons of broccoli and cauliflowers are imported every year from the Continent and the Channel Isles, and that only about 9 per cent. of our onions and some 50 per cent. of our carrots are grown at home. Nothing surely could better emphasise than these figures, the need for every gardener to apply himself with diligence this year to the task of producing more vegetables. It is not suggested, however, that more vegetables should be grown than what can be used in one's own household or disposed of in other ways, or that the ornamental part of the garden should be sacrificed entirely to rows of potatoes and beans. Flowers have their part to play in the war-time garden just as much as vegetables, and it would be nothing short of folly as well as purposeless waste, to dig up lawns and burn shrubs and trees to make room for vegetables. There are doubtless in many gardens derelict corners that can profitably be taken in hand for vegetable growing without upsetting the main features of the garden, and it is those waste areas and all other parts that are to remain without their usual furnishing of flowers, that should be made to serve a useful and productive purpose. Needless to say, greenhouses that are not carrying their complement of ornamental plants should also be employed for vegetable growing, unless, of course,



*Carlisle Tested Seeds*

### A GATHERING OF THE DIFFERENT TYPES OF RADISH

Including the olive shaped, round and long maincrop kinds



MAJESTIC. ONE OF THE BEST AUTUMN CAULIFLOWERS, WITH LARGE SOLID HEADS



*Sutton and Sons*

### A SPLENDID CROP OF ONION A.1

A valuable variety for both spring and autumn sowing, yielding large bulbs of good form and sound keeping qualities

labour shortage and the cost of heating make such procedure uneconomic when there are no means of marketing any surplus crops either locally or at a central market.

Once the area of ground to be put under vegetables has been decided on in relation to the needs of the household and the possibility of marketing any surplus, the main concern of the gardener will be in deciding on the kinds to grow. To those who hitherto have not concerned themselves a great deal with the utilitarian side of their garden, the problem of making out a list of varieties is not an easy one unless one has the assistance of an expert equipped with the knowledge of the behaviour and characteristics of the many different varieties available. The fundamental point in making any selection is to ensure a succession of crops throughout the year and to concentrate more particularly on those kinds that lend themselves to storage and so can be sown in more generous quantities without any risk of waste. The desirability of having crops following in succession is the ideal for which all vegetable gardeners should strive, and in this connection much more might be done to eliminate waste by making smaller sowings of such crops as runner beans at more frequent intervals, rather than a larger sowing at one time with the result that the crop ripens almost at once.

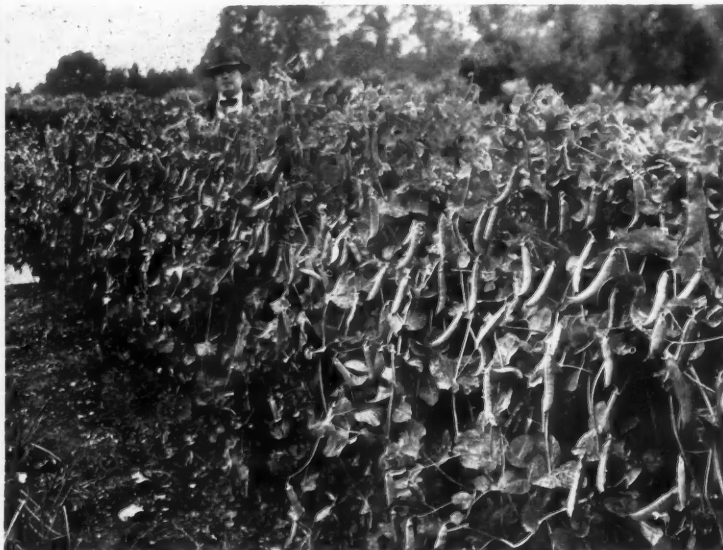
It goes almost without saying that peas and beans will figure prominently in every order list, but whether a proper selection of varieties of each will be chosen is not so certain. As a nation we are not bean-minded, and most gardeners seldom stray beyond the broad bean, of which one of the best for immediate sowing is Mammoth Longpod, supplemented by Early Mazagan, Green Windsor, and Leviathan, the French beans and the runners, among which Prizewinner, Streamline, Matchless, Excelsior and Eclipse are all good kinds. The Dutch brown bean, however, is too good to be overlooked, and the same can be said of the pea bean and the true Jersey bean, both of which will be appreciated by the connoisseur. With peas, a selection of mid-season, early and late varieties should be chosen to give a succession, maturing from early June until late October. Among the dwarf earlies for sowing next month, Little Marvel, Gradus, William Hurst, The Pilot, and Giant Stride are as good as any. To succeed these, Emerald, The V.C., Evergreen, Duke of Albany and Stratagem form a useful choice, while for the main crop, which require about sixteen weeks from the date of sowing before they are ready for picking, Quite Content, Autocrat, Best of All, Peerless, King George, Onward, and Gladstone Re-selected can be depended on to give good results if the ground has been well prepared and the plants are not allowed to suffer from drought.

In regularly improved and clean soils, onions should prove a satisfactory crop, and as the demand for these is constant, they should on no account be omitted from any list. Early sowing is important, and if sowing can be carried out in boxes under glass during the next week or two to ensure early planting out, so much the better. There are any number of good varieties, and the novice cannot go far wrong with such valuable kinds as Ailsa Craig, Premier and A.1 and any of the old, well tried varieties like James' Keeping, Cranston's Excelsior, and Bedfordshire Champion. For autumn sowing Giant Rocca and Autumn Queen are two good varieties, while for pickling, Improved Queen or Silver Skinned should be added to the list.

No kitchen garden is complete without parsley or radishes. With the latter, quick growth is essential if the roots are to be eaten crisp and tender. For early supplies



ONE OF THE EARLIEST BROAD BEANS,  
MAMMOTH LONGPOD



A REMARKABLY FINE CROP OF A STANDARD EARLY  
PEA RAISED FROM A FEBRUARY SOWING

*Sutton and Sons*

sowings must be made in frames or warm borders, leaving the outside sowings until May, when a pinch of seed should be sown at weekly intervals. There are three distinct types—the long-rooted, turnip or round-rooted, and oval-shaped, and Long Scarlet, Long White Icicle, Early Scarlet Delicatesse and French Breakfast form a good choice. Turnips, like radishes, require to be grown quickly if they are to be obtained at their best with a firm and tender flesh. Sowings can be made from about mid-March until the end of July, selecting such sorts as Early White Milan and Early Snowball for early use, and Early Green Top for a winter supply.

Much the same can be said of carrots as of turnips and radishes, in that they should be eaten in the young stage to be enjoyed to the full. Sowings should be made from now onwards, the first sowings of stump-rooted varieties, like Early Market and Early French Nantes, being made in frames or under cloches in a warm border at fortnightly intervals, and followed by sowings during April and May of a maincrop variety suitable for storing, such as Red Intermediate or Red Giant.

Cabbage is one of the indispensables, and if the first sowings are made in the open in April, that will be time enough. With cabbage it is especially important to obtain a good strain of seed, as then the healthy plants are not so liable to run to seed prematurely and rarely do so if seed is sown at the right time. For spring sowing such kinds as Early Dwarf York, Winningstadt and Christmas Drumhead are as reliable as any, and can be followed with sowings in August of others like Ellam's Dwarf Early, Flower of Spring, and Mein's No. 1 for spring use. For a savoy, no one will go far wrong with Dwarf Green Curled, Drumhead or Best of All, while for Brussels Sprouts Matchless, Fillbasket, Universal, Dalkeith and Scrymger's Giant can be tried, supplemented by a few of the Roscoff varieties of broccoli for autumn,

winter and spring use with their fine white heads, and the green sprouting kind called Calabrese, which makes a delicious change from the usual greens and gives a good crop in late August or early September from an April sowing in the open ground.

Sowings of spinach and beet will never come amiss. The former offers plenty of choice with the round or summer spinach like Long Standing and Invincible, which can be sown from next month until July; Prickly Spinach, for winter use from an August sowing; and Perpetual Spinach, which is one of those accommodating "cut and come again" crops, giving its young, green and succulent leaves over a long period.

For saladings, monthly sowings of lettuce can be made from now onwards, the early sowings of such varieties as Cheshunt Early Ball, Early Paris, Tom Thumb and First of All being made in frames, followed by sowings in the open ground of such kinds as Standwell and All the Year Round. For those who want them, there are also the Cos varieties. By proper rotation and a selection of suitable varieties, lettuce can be had the whole year round, the winter varieties like Cheshunt Early Giant being raised under glass from sowings made in September or October.

Celery and leeks, cauliflowers, parsnips and endive will also fall within the keen vegetable grower's net, while shallots, which are unduly neglected in many gardens to-day, also deserve a place in the order list. Few other vegetables require less attention, and none is more valuable for flavouring soups and stews where a flavour less strong than that of the onion is desired. The turnip-rooted celery called celeriac is valuable for late autumn and winter use and is worth growing where there is room, which also applies to the Jerusalem artichokes and to the kales, which can be planted with advantage between the rows of second early or maincrop potatoes.

G. C. TAYLOR.



INTERCROPPING IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN  
Leeks and celeriac interplanted with spring cabbage



*Carters Tested Seeds*

A GOOD CROP OF DWARF GREEN SAVOYS  
An invaluable vegetable for winter use



# CORRESPONDENCE

## SIX WEEKS OLD

TO THE EDITOR  
SIR,—Readers of COUNTRY LIFE may be interested in this photograph of two baby donkeys taken when they were under six weeks old. They were born in May.—F.



bird carries a scroll bearing part of the Waterhouse motto—*Veritas Liberabit* ("The truth shall make us free"). In another light, an owl stands for the Savile family. Other lights, however, are devoted to animal and bird designs whose possible significance keeps one guessing. They include a bird playing a stringed instrument, another playing a dulcimer, and yet another pushing a wheelbarrow; an animal (Pan?) playing on two pipes, monkeys at their antics, and a creature which seems to be half woman and half lion. Mr. John Lister, the last private owner of Shibden, always used to say that one subject—in which a queer-looking creature is seen marching off with a fish under

## "A VILLAGE S.O.S."

TO THE EDITOR  
SIR,—In your issue of November 18th, 1939, there appeared a letter under the signature "V. G. Rhodes," with the heading "A Village S.O.S.," and an accompanying photograph of a finger-post, under the title "The Signal of Distress." The letter states that in passing through a village the writer noticed a piece of bright red flannel tied round the finger-post which stands at the cross-roads, and that this was used as a signal that someone in the village was ill and required medical aid. The letter goes on to state: "There is no telephone in the village, and so when any of the inhabitants are ill the signal of distress is tied to the finger-post, so that when the doctor from the nearest town passes by the village on his country round, he sees that his services are required."

Since reading this letter, I have made enquiries from the G.P.O. and have received their reply, to the effect that: "The village in question is Cropton, and that there is a sub-office, with a kiosk which is within 200 yards of the sign post which is illustrated. The signal of distress is no doubt a convenience to the doctor, and it enables the inhabitants to avoid using the telephone, which is, in fact, available."

As the letter which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE on November 18th is extremely misleading, and the statement that there is no telephone in the village is entirely incorrect, I shall be very much obliged if you will kindly find room in your Correspondence page for my letter. I think it is only fair to the G.P.O. to make these facts known, as I know from personal experience that it has been their endeavour to make the telephone service accessible to every village, as is the case in the village in question.—A. D. INGILBY.

## WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG

### WITH A GRAIN OF WHEAT

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."  
SIR,—I can entirely endorse the letter of L. B. Powell in COUNTRY LIFE of December 30th. Slitting the base of a cutting and inserting a grain of wheat is an old gardener's tip given to me many years ago, and I habitually use it for roses, carnations, spindleberry, etc., with success. I imagine it is the moisture of the living grain that encourages callousing of the cutting.—J. LEES.

### A LITTLE KNOWN MANOR

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."  
SIR,—I am enclosing two photographs taken at Shibden Hall, a mediæval manor house near Halifax which, though open to the public since 1933, is known to very few lovers of old England. Situated on one shoulder of the Shibden Valley—the name is derived from Schepe-dene, or sheep valley—the Hall was built by William Otes in the early part of the fifteenth century. The original timber framework, together with the stonework with which Robert Savile, the next owner, encased it, is seen to great advantage in one of these photographs. Despite their age, the oak beams and posts are in remarkably good condition.

Robert Savile was also responsible for the glorious mullioned window in the house-body—a window which now serves as a kind of family history, for its heraldic glass was added to by several subsequent owners. The lights of this window repay a little study. One strange

one arm—represents Satan in charge of a human soul (sole). This creature is shown in my second photograph (top right-hand corner), together with a dragon and sword (another representation of the Evil One), and the monogram of the Virgin Mary, surmounted by a crown. The double motto—*Veritas liberabit. Super omnia vincet veritas*—also appears.—G. B. WOOD.

## WHEN THE MINE-SWEEPERS GO DOWN

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."  
SIR,—It is my sad duty to break the news to relatives of all losses at sea from this port. During the past six weeks I have taken this sad message to forty homes. In these homes there are now one hundred fatherless children. News comes almost daily of further losses. The bravery of these fishermen, most of whom are now engaged in mine-sweepers, so keeping our shores open for shipping, is the admiration of the entire nation. Many people are wanting to help the bereaved families, but it is not known just how best to do this. Realising this, I have wondered whether you would be kind enough to publish this letter in your periodical. The Fishermen's Dependents Fund would be glad to receive donations from any readers of COUNTRY LIFE. Gifts of money and of all kinds of clothing would be gratefully received and should be sent to "The Fishermen's Dependents Fund," c/o The Port Missionary, Grimsby.—A. S. AUSTIN.



SHIBDEN HALL, HALIFAX, AND EXAMPLES OF THE OLD GLASS IN ONE OF ITS WINDOWS



THE DOVECOTE AT GARWAY  
DATED 1326

#### THE OLDEST DOVECOTE

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Without in the least doubting the word of your correspondent, I should be very glad to know if the date given, 1306, for the Hurley dovecote rests upon certain data. Here, in Herefordshire, it is always said that the one at Garway is the oldest in Britain. This bears the date 1326 in Lombardic lettering upon a kind of tympanum over the doorway. The letters are now getting very much worn, but the inscription was deciphered long ago when it was all quite legible. This building belongs to the farm, close to Garway Church, which stands upon the site of the preceptory of the Knights Templars, afterwards a commandery of the Knights Hospitallers. The church was founded by the Templars in the twelfth century, and the dovecote would seem to have been built by one Brother Richard. On an inner wall is the name "T. Gilbert" in fourteenth-century lettering, together with some scratched crosses. As will be seen from the photograph I enclose, the building is now rather ruinous; there are nineteen rows of pigeon-holes inside, L-shaped as usual.—M. W.

#### NOTES FROM NORTH UIST

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—When crossing the ford which divides the small island on which I live, I observed a small party of six ruffs. They were sitting on the sand and were extremely tame, allowing me to approach within twenty yards. On rising they uttered a short sharp cry. This is only the second time that I have met the ruff in Uist. Ten years ago, while I was shooting snipe in a bog on September 1st, two ruffs and one reeve were flushed, and they were tame also. During the last week I have watched snipe "flying" into a small fresh-water pool in the evening. Their manner of arrival is rather peculiar. Some fly straight in and settle on the edge of the water, others literally

fall like a stone, but the majority came at great speed, like a ball shot from a gun. None of them noticed me, though I sat within twenty yards of where they settled. Another uncommon bird was noted here recently—a dipper. It was standing on a stone on the shore of a loch. Every day for the last fortnight fifty white-fronted geese have been frequenting the flats on the hill, and one day twelve bean geese settled not far from them. Woodcock are fairly plentiful, but snipe have not been so much in evidence as last year. So far little has been washed up on the shore this winter; this is probably accounted for by the lack of northerly winds. On November 28th, after the severe storm of the previous week-end, quantities of small jelly-fish were strewn along the north shore. They were smaller than usual, none being more than four inches in diameter, while the majority were no more than two inches. A large lump fish was found the same day. It was quite fresh, only the birds had cleaned its inside out almost as if it had been done in preparation for the pot. In this state it weighed nine pounds exactly, and was one foot ten inches in length. Often before, generally in the spring, I have picked up specimens of this fish on the shore, but none ever approached this one in size. The colouring of the lump fish in spring is a combination of various shades of blue, purple and orange, but at this time they lose all their colour and become a dull black.—G. B.

#### GREEK SHEEPDOGS AND PYRENEANS

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Your issue of December 23rd contained photographs of Pyrenean Mountain dogs, and I was much struck by the resemblance of these animals to the white sheepdogs of northern Greece. Of course, Madame Harper's beauties have been fined down by careful breeding, but they are still undeniably of the same build and coat as the white hounds of Epirus. When in the puppy stage they must seem identical.

I should be interested to know how many generations were needed to breed out the savagery of these animals—for I presume that the wolf and bandit fighting Pyrenean hound must have been, originally, as pugnacious as is the wolf and bandit fighting brute of modern Greece. All Greek sheepdogs are ready to attack even the harmless stranger; but the white hounds of Epirus are the worst of all, owing to their great bulk. They are reputed to be descended from the famed Molossian hounds of antiquity, and it is not surprising that Cerberus, the hound of Hades, was said to be of this breed.

Even the shepherds can scarcely control these dogs except by stone-throwing and crook-brandishing. When I stepped a few paces from a group of shepherds in order to take the photograph of the white dog standing in the plain, they were in a fever of anxiety about me. The dog looks calm enough in the picture, but he was growling quietly, and a moment later I had to beat a retreat. It will be noticed that the dog's right ear is clipped. Shepherds always do this in Greece, claiming that the dog hears better so! My second photograph shows a dog with dark markings—not the commonest type, which is pure white.

Has anyone ever introduced this breed to England and sought to

improve it? It would need courage and patience, for even the fluffy little puppies growl and snap as soon as they can stagger. As the Pyrenean dogs are reputed to come from the East, probably both are of common ancestry.—C. A. HARRISON.

#### THE PUPPY AND THE LIZARD

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—My puppy was hunting wallabies with much noise and tremendous exertion, but with no success whatever, when he suddenly noticed a big lizard. Hitherto he had not seen this kind. Yelping joyously, he gave chase, but the look of horror on his canine features when the lizard wheeled, opened his cavern of a mouth and shot out his frill, baffled description. He applied all four brakes in a desperate effort to avoid contact with such a



THE RUFFLED LIZARD

frightful apparition, so different from the fleeing tail he had been so anxious to catch a moment previously. Racing back to me, he whined and looked up as much as to say: "It's not real, master? It can't be!"

The lizard took advantage of the pup's undignified flight and ran up an old fence post, and when the pup once more approached—very hesitatingly—he tilted his head in the air, exposed his frill, and gaped in a manner which expressed his utter contempt for such an unworthy opponent as the pup. In that position I secured his photograph.—G. MUNRO, Mossman, N. Q., Australia.

#### "STOKE DRY OR STOKE WET?"

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Your correspondent F. J. Lumbers may be interested to know that the lovely old bridge illustrated in your issue of December 23rd is to be pulled down before the waters of the Eye Brook Reservoir rise over it. Some of the stones are to be built into the new bridge.

Unfortunately, this new bridge, which carries the diverted road round the head of the lake, cannot be built to the same design as the old one. It will, however, still be possible, despite your little verse, to get to Stoke Dry—and not Wet!—EVELYN M. SATOW.



SHEEPDOGS OF EPIRUS, DESCENDANTS PERHAPS OF THE MOLOSSIAN HOUNDS OF ANTIQUITY



# THE GRAND NATIONAL ENTRY

## AINTREE PROSPECTS

**T**HERE are times—thankfully few—when the war, the black-out and the weather do their combined best to induce depression. Relief from an incipient attack was afforded by the receipt of a letter from Captain Farr, the owner of the Workson Manor Stud, where Papyrus, Bold Archer, Flamingo, Horus, and the American "flier," Omar Khayyam, were foaled, and by the appearance of the entry for the Grand National which is scheduled to be run for at Liverpool on Friday, April 5th. Captain Farr writes: "What has happened to the 'sporting' section of the old country? Why the dismal tone? We are really very lucky living in the best country in the world and will continue to do so—a little more expensively—when all the clouds and futile threats have blown away. Farmers have always been privileged to grouse—but sportsmen never!"

The Grand National has closed with an entry of fifty-nine, or but ten fewer than were named for the corresponding event of last year, and seven fewer than the actual number of runners—from an entry of one hundred and twenty-one—that gathered at the post in the record year of 1929. As usual, former competitors are numerous, and for the coming event eighteen of the thirty-seven, who lined up last March, are expected to make the attempt again. Workman, who then won with 10st. 6lb. on his back, after being third to the American horse Battleship and Royal Danieli in 1938, is one. Royal Mail, who scored in 1937, broke a blood-vessel and was pulled up in 1938, and finished ninth last year, is another, and despite his eleven years, and the heavy impost that he is sure to be asked to carry, is certain to do credit to his owner, Mrs. Evans. She gave 6,500gs. for him when he was sold at the death of his former owner, Mr. Lloyd Thomas, at Hurst Park in 1938. A third is Kilstar, who occupied third place behind Workman and MacMoffat last year. With the Grand National in view, he misses the valuable Red Cross 'Chase at Leopardstown; with Roman Hackle, John Chinaman and Le Cygne, he is one of Miss Dorothy Paget's nominations. MacMoffat, a rather plain-looking eight year old of the hunter type, takes his chance again, and will meet other old rivals in Symaethis, who shouldered 10st. and finished fifth, in Dominick's Cross, who carried 11st. 11lb. into sixth position, in West Point, who was seventh with 10st. 2lb. on his back, and Bachelor's Prince (10st. 2lb.), who finished tenth and last of those to get round without falling. These are the more notable of the old-stagers who have proved their ability to get round the Aintree course, but it should be noted that among the more likely competitors there are Inversible, who fell at the last fence last year and was fifth in 1936; Black Hawk, who had the worst of a collision with Workman at the final open ditch, and paid the inevitable penalty when going well; Under Bid, who fell but was remounted and finished; Royal Danieli, who fell at Becher's Brook last time, but was second to Battleship the previous year; and Rockquilla, who has useful, if not quite "National" form to his credit.

Newcomers are not as plentiful as usual, but mention must be made of two or three. Lord Stalbridge's Bogskar made a favourable impression on a recent appearance, though he failed to adapt himself to the fences in the Stanley Steeplechase last March. Mr. James de Rothschild's Luxborough, a son of the home-sire, Bolingbroke, won a three miles steeplechase at Gatwick last season, and is the only six year old in the race. There are also Mr. J. V. Rank's trio, Young Mischief, Timber Wolf and Arran Peaks. Mention of Mr. Rank, who now owns the famous training grounds of Druid's Lodge and has most of his jumpers trained there by Mr. Harry Brown (his finish on The Bore, when encumbered by a broken collar-bone, will always be remembered by those who saw it), is a reminder that among the absentees—which include Birthgift and Blue Shirt—there is his gallant mare, Cooleen, who was runner-up to Royal Mail in 1937, and was fourth in 1938 and again last year. Seemingly mares, however much endowed with pluck, find the Aintree distance and the obstacles, or the combination of both, just beyond their endurance. To find one of their sex returned as the winner it is necessary to go back to 1902, when Mr. A. Gorham's Shannon Lass beat twenty



FIRST AND SECOND IN LAST YEAR'S GRAND NATIONAL;  
TO RUN AGAIN THIS YEAR

others, including Manifesto. Since then, though Mattie Macgregor proved herself second best to Rubio, in 1908, though Melleray's Belle finished second to Shaun Goilin in 1930, and though Aunt May, Shady Girl and Pucka Belle occupied third position in 1906, 1911 and 1937, the only mare, save for Cooleen, to get within a distance of the leaders is Mr. Arthur Sainsbury's Symaethis, a daughter of the Manchester Cup victor, Poor Man, who made a host of friends for the forthcoming event by her victory in the Herne the Hunter 'Chase at Windsor on Bank Holiday. Bred by Mr. T. Keating and sold as a yearling for 90gs., Symaethis was, like Miss Paget's new purchase, Le Cygne, run on by Colonel Hill Dillon until such time as she was fit to break and train as a

juniper. Whether or no she is good enough to emulate the feat of Shannon Lass in what must be a moderate field remains to be seen; pointers in her favour are that she is fancied by both her owner and her trainer, and that Blue Shirt, who carried the same colours and started second favourite last year, has been sold to Lord Astor's son, Mr. John J. Astor, and will quite possibly give him a winning ride in the Becher Handicap Steeplechase, which is shorter by nearly half than the main event. Weights for the Grand National are due to appear next week, when a return can be made to the subject. In the meantime the most likeable candidates are Kilstar, Symaethis, and last year's Irish Grand National winner, Shaun Peel, who is trained by the ever-popular owner-breeder-rider-trainer, Mr. C. R. P. Creed, at Cloyne, and has been entered in preference to Birthgift, who ran so very well last year. Even in these hard times, there may be some contemplating the expenditure of something in the attempt to predict the outcome of the spring double. Less likely and less popular things have happened than that Miss Dorothy Paget, who has so far spent so much money with so little return on the 'Turf, should lead in both winners. To choose from among her numerous candidates is difficult; Colonel Payne and Kilstar are merely suggestions, as good as any others perhaps and better than most.

ROYSTON.

## CURIOUS SALMON FISHING

**F**OR many years controversy has ranged round the spring salmon angling in New Brunswick and particularly in the Miramichi River. This river, one of the largest if not quite the largest in the province, has an important commercial salmon fishery in the bay of the same name and in the lower reaches of the river itself. Marking has shown that the fish caught in the bay are in part Miramichi fish and in part fish on passage to other and comparatively distant rivers. Angling is carried on chiefly in the main river and in one of its more important tributaries.

It was contended that the spring salmon in question were genuine clean fish which had come up before the ice formed or during the winter and which, although still clean, had become dark and relatively thin owing solely to their stay in fresh water. Now it is recognised that these so-called "black salmon" are nothing but quite ordinary kelts which spawned in the previous autumn. Attempts have been made to stop their capture, but established custom and public opinion have been too strong for the salutary rules and prohibitions which exist in most other salmon fishing countries. As a compromise some rather ingenious rules have been enforced. A special permit is required, and barbless hooks must be used. The angler may hook and land ten kelts in a day, but after that figure has been reached he must stop fishing. In any one day only one kelt may be retained by each angler, but even so the total caught, or accounted for, in the course of the season may be quite impressive. In 1938, for instance, 356 anglers admitted to keeping 2,492 "black salmon" between April 1st and May 24th. The fishing is not confined to the local inhabitants, but forms a distinct attraction to visiting sportsmen, many of whom may come from across the United States border. With almost American thoroughness the Canadians estimate that this fishing is worth about £10,000 per annum to the province from the expenditure incurred by the visitors. PISCATOR SENIOR.

# THE ESTATE MARKET

## THE TREND OF VALUES

**O**N the whole a hopeful view is taken of the outlook for real property, particularly as a permanent investment, and no hesitation whatever is, or need be, felt by anybody about the maintenance, and even the substantial improvement, of the price of agricultural land.

### A TOTAL OF £773,106

**I**N their report on business done through their Bournemouth, Southampton and Brighton offices in 1939, Messrs. Fox and Sons say: "Transactions have been fewer; however, we have every reason to be satisfied, having sold over three-quarters of a million pounds' worth of freehold and leasehold property during the year. Building land has not been a good market, the plots sold numbering 116 in Bournemouth and Poole and seventy-five in Southampton, as against 318 and 167 respectively in 1938. Since September sales have practically ceased on all the building estates we control, and this position, we fear, will remain until the end of the war, it being quite impossible for builders to obtain materials. Our auctions have been well maintained, and in all we have held 122 sales, equally divided, sixty-one property and sixty-one furniture, the latter all in clients' own houses, and several took three to four days each.

"The type of house in active demand is the modern well planned and attractively fitted property, not large, up to £2,000, though during the year we have sold many residential properties of greater importance and much higher figures. Although there have not been quite so many houses sold, lettings have increased, and in some districts very few houses or bungalows are available. Hotels and large properties were let during September 'for the duration,' to large firms, including banks and insurance companies. In April we opened offices at Brighton. Another step was the acquisition of the old-established practice of Messrs. Hankinson and Son of Bournemouth. If the war is concluded within a reasonable period, we consider property values throughout the country will improve. The lack of new building will create a shortage of available houses, and scarcity of houses or any other commodity always increases demand and prices tend to improve. This opinion is subject to the effect that greatly increased taxation may have upon spending power.

### EMERGENCY ACCOMMODATION ACQUIRED

**I**N our Country Department important transactions have been effected. Since the outbreak of hostilities there has been a steady demand for small residences, and a fair number of such owners are desirous of selling; but in regard to agricultural properties we have experienced great difficulty in dealing with the applications received on account of the scarcity of farms and small holdings for disposal. We have, however, disposed of a considerable area of agricultural land during the



MONEWDEN HALL, WOODBRIDGE

year, and we anticipate that in 1940 applicants will be clamouring for land, knowing full well that later on values are bound to increase considerably. We have, of course, been inundated with enquiries for large houses suitable for A.R.P. purposes, and we have disposed of a number in this connection. Kidbrooke Park, Forest Row, with some 200 acres of parkland, the country seat of Mr. R. Olaf Hambro, was sold, Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. and Messrs. Powell and Partner, Limited, being concerned with us; and we subsequently sold at auction 165 acres of land on this estate. Avon Castle, Ringwood, the former seat of the Earl of Egmont, was sold with 67 acres (Messrs. Robert Thake and Co. acted with us), and Milton Court, Dorking, belonging to the trustees of the late Sir H. Milaby Deeley (Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. acting in conjunction with us in this matter). We sold for use as a boys' school Frensham Place, near Farnham, once owned by Sir Arthur Pearson—Messrs. W. B. Baverstock and Son assisted us in arranging the sale, and Messrs. Wm. Grogan and Boyd acted for the purchasers. Among other country estates dealt with during 1939 is Burgate Manor, Fordingbridge, instructions for which were received from Mr. John Coventry, in whose family it had been for many generations. We offered the property by auction in lots, all of which were disposed of at satisfactory prices,

comprising 114 acres, including the manor house and three-quarters of a mile of fishing on both banks of the Avon. The freehold residential and agricultural estate known as Southover, near Dorchester, was sold to Lady Georgina Kidston, the residence with 700 acres. Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. and Messrs. Hy. Duke and Son acted in co-operation with us.

### QUEEN ANNE AND TUDOR

**A** CHARMING Queen Anne house in East Suffolk, Monewden Hall, near Woodbridge, is offered for sale by Messrs. Wilson and Co. The illustration at the head of the page shows its attractive situation with lawns, water and old trees as its setting. A large sum of money was spent on improving the house about three years ago, and the gardens have also received much careful attention. Situated near the village of Brandeston, about seven miles from Woodbridge and fifteen from Ipswich, it is in a lovely unspoiled part of Suffolk. The house is for sale with 200 acres of land, or with twenty acres if less is required.

Coombe Woodhouse, Kingston Hill, a timber-framed Tudor house, which was removed from Colchester some years ago and re-built at Kingston Hill, has come into the market in consequence of the death of Mr. John Hill. The property, comprising some 6 acres, is offered for sale by Messrs. Winkworth and Co., or it could be let furnished.

### A KENTISH YEOMAN'S HOUSE

**T**HE Weald of Kent is rich in interesting old timber-framed houses of the yeoman type, and Dingledean, which lies a mile or two outside the picturesque village of Benenden, is an unusually well-preserved example. The house has been carefully restored and brought up-to-date where domestic arrangements are concerned without any sacrifice of its features of interest. Probably of fifteenth century date, the building was altered late in the sixteenth century, when a floor was inserted in the hall or house place, and the charming bay window added, lighting three storeys. The fine scroll carving of the barge boards is shown in the separate illustration of the gable. Massive oak timbers are exposed in many of the rooms. There are five bedrooms. The house is for sale with nearly four acres of garden and orchard. Messrs. Lofts and Warner are the agents. ARBITER.



DINGLEDEAN, NEAR BENENDEN, A KENTISH YEOMAN'S HOUSE, AND DETAIL OF THE CARVED BARGE BOARDS OF THE GABLE





## PRODUCER GAS PLANTS FOR MOTORISTS

SEVERAL readers have written to me who are desirous of knowing more of the mechanism of the producer gas plants which can be fitted to cars to supply motive power and so conserve that rare juice, pool spirit. To keep motoring alive in these times is a duty and a necessity, if the object of our enemies of bringing the general life of this country to a standstill is to be countered. Unfortunately, it is difficult to separate motor cars from the use of petrol, which all has to be imported. The use of gas from coal for the driving of cars, if it could become general, would give us a colossal advantage in at least one aspect of the war.

Driving cars on coal makes one think at first of steam engines, but there are, of course, many other ways of extracting energy from coal than by burning it so as to boil water and form steam. A producer gas plant is merely a furnace in which some form of coal or coke is burnt, and the resulting gas is conducted to the cylinders of the car engine and fired by a sparking-plug in the normal manner. For that matter, almost anything from old clothes to charcoal could be burnt in the producer furnace, and a gas which would work the engine would be given off; but in the case of many articles, tarry and other deposits are a product of combustion, and would soon clog up the works. For this reason the most suitable fuel is anthracite, and to a less extent coke. This fuel is merely poured into a hopper arranged above a grate. The fire in this little grate is started much in the same way as we light the kitchen fire, with wood shavings or other suitable material, though with a car one of the most convenient methods is to insert a paraffin-soaked rag.

At this point it is necessary to decide whether we are to use the car and run it on producer gas entirely or to retain the petrol carburettor and use a little of the precious spirit from time to time. If the latter is the case our task is greatly simplified, as the car can be started from cold on petrol after the fire has been lit in the producer gas plant, and the engine will then by its suction keep up a steady draught through the plant and maintain a supply of gas, so that after the car has been running for a few moments the petrol can be turned off, and it can be run entirely on the gas.

If petrol is not to be used at all, some form of fan, operated either by hand or electrically, has to be fitted to create the requisite draught until the car has been run for a little time and enough gas generated. There is no doubt that at the present time, when one of these plants is fitted, it is better to be able to run on petrol when

desired, as with careful use the petrol consumption of even a large car can be raised to something like 100 miles to the gallon. At times, also—for instance, when slow running in traffic has been indulged in—the gas supply will be found to have become almost exhausted, with the result that the acceleration will suffer proportionately. If the petrol carburettor is retained, however, this can be brought into action to increase engine speed once more until the supply of gas engendered by the suction of the engine on the fire has been renewed. In addition, it should be remembered that when an existing petrol engine has been converted to run on producer gas, a considerable falling off in power is inevitable, though this may be counteracted by extensive alterations to the engine, such as raising the compression ratio and fitting a supercharger. The fact that an engine will run on very much higher compression with producer gas than with petrol can be put to advantage on cars fitted to run on both fuels. With pool spirit a certain amount of "pinking" is inevitable, but as soon as the producer gas is turned on to mix with the petrol vapour the detonation will disappear and the engine will pull far more smoothly.

When the gas leaves the producer furnace it is at a very high temperature, and it is desirable, in the interests of volumetric efficiency, that this temperature should be reduced considerably. Before it enters the engine, therefore, it has to pass through a cooler, which takes up a considerable amount of space, and which has to be mounted in such a way as to get the maximum amount of draught.

Again, the producer gases are full of fine cinders, which are drawn through by the draught, and if allowed to get into the engine these would soon result in considerable cylinder-bore wear and other troubles. There are also tarry impurities which have to be removed. For this purpose, in

addition to the cooler, large filters are necessary to purify the gas before it reaches the engine. These filters in existing apparatus are large and do not need frequent cleaning, while long journeys running into hundreds of miles can be made without it being necessary to clean out the grate.

One difficulty at the present time is how to deal with stops, whether made for a short time or for longer periods. In the case of short stops, the fire can soon be got going again if petrol is used at first for a short distance; but if petrol is completely banished the fan has to be resorted to. In the case of longer stops judgment has to be exercised so as not to leave a lot of partially burnt fuel to be wasted, but of course the fire can be kept going for a long time on a small draught engendered by a fan if this is worked electrically.

Producer gas plants may be said to be in their infancy, and there are certain to be many improvements made in the course of the next few years, should the war last long enough. I should, however, like to see a complete engine made with producer unit supercharger and high compression to run entirely on this gas, and I believe that the results obtained would be remarkable.

For the smaller cars the plant can quite easily be housed on the car itself, though for larger vehicles a trailer is more convenient. Though the initial price is high, it should be remembered that the fuel costs are very much less, and those doing a large mileage would even now probably find it economical to use gas over a prolonged period.

### CHAINS FOR ICY ROADS

LAST year I was caught by the cold spell that started just before Christmas when the country roads became almost impassable, and, too late, joined the crowds that were besieging the garages for chains. I had to wait a long time for mine, but managed to get along somehow with an old Parsons chain which had been in the service of the family for many years and which I cut down to fit the wheels of my smaller modern car. I got my chains eventually, and this year I have seen to it that I shall not be caught again. I have already had good use out of my grips.

In mountainous country it is, of course, better to have a full set of complete chains, but the smaller grips which can be put on and taken off in a few minutes are quite sufficient for the ordinary motorist, at least in the south. The Parsons Chain Company have been making chains for motor vehicles for forty years, and it is well worth while getting a good set from a reputable firm, as they will last for years if they are properly kept.



LIGHTING THE FIRE BEFORE STARTING FOR A RUN IN A PRODUCER GAS DRIVEN CAR